

QUIT STARING AT YOUR SCREEN
AND BINGE-READ THIS!

MAN AT HIS BEST
FEBRUARY '17

Esquire

EXCLUSIVE

TRUMP BUMP
WHY JAMES COMEY
GAMBLED HIS FUTURE
(AND OURS)

THE TALE OF THE
\$140 MILLION
SEX TAPE

27

OF THE
SICKEST
THINGS TO
SEE AND
EAT IN
2017

SILICON
VALLEY'S
NEW
PERFORMANCE
DRUG?
LSD!

THE
WELL-DRESSED
REBEL

PHARRELL

A NEW PROJECT
TAKES HIM WHERE NO MAN
HAS GONE BEFORE

PRADA





DOLCE & GABBANA
#DGCapri

Overheard



"Listen. Because we don't. We don't even listen to ourselves."

—Pharrell Williams
Photo: J. M. H.

Get into Gear

Step 1: Screw your New Year's resolutions
BY DAVE EVANS



There are many things wrong with New Year's resolutions, but the most glaring fault is that they're mostly backward. They start with the answer to your new year before that year has even begun. Resolutions are just lists of objectives. End points. Checkmarks.

Example: If I accomplish the following, 2012 will have been a good year:

- Losing 12 pounds.
- Reaching a promotion that entails at least an 11 percent raise.
- Learning conversational Spanish before my trip to Cuba.
- Spending regularly (again).

And there you are: The year is all wrapped up and ready to go. No questions. No mystery. Just stock, nice, replicable answers. It's like reading a book. It's the questions and partly the star. And you're a dweeb. How can the world do it make sense to celebrate

the wonder of life minus full of unfulfilled possibilities with a list of four goals (three of which are chosen from last year)?

It doesn't work. Life is not a list of outcomes. Life is about living. Living means growing and learning—and discovering and engaging. Who wants to settle for just being "better" when you could be *more alive*? That's the point of the new year: all that opportunity to pursue interesting questions and discover ideas, people, and possibilities you knew nothing about on New Year's Eve.

My colleague Bill Burnett and I teach a popular elective at Stanford University called Designing Your Life. Designers don't move forward by listing goals or strategies to achieve preexistingly determined goals. Designers build their way forward creatively. They come up with ideas for what the future could be and then make prototypes to learn more about what that future actually could become. No one knows the future—so most designs have answers very clearly—as you can think your way there. You have to build your way there. And you do it by answering thoughtful questions through prototyping or pursuing conversations and experiences that expand your curiosity about life.

**Bend yourself forward
with tantalizing invitations to
discover cool new stuff.**

What if you swapped your resolutions for design questions like these?

- Why and how related to the phrase "think global, act local"? And what few different ways it could actually live?
- How did those new superstar managers at work become such effective managers? What do they know and do that I could learn this year?
- How can I explore different cultures to find one that actually convinces me to leave the status quo? Is traveling needed?
- Why is everyone so jazzed about meditation, and what might be in it for me?

Make a list around 10 questions like this. Let your questions lead you to a more alive and interesting expression of you. Look at yourself, learned with an attitude of invitation to discover unknowns and through experiences, test drives, trial and error. Make a list that demands design prototyping.

Think like a designer. Get curious. Talk to people. Try stuff. Don't expand on the encouraging material of a brand-new year; instead, lead yourself on a road of discovery. Then, redesign a life you love. ■



WHAT'S IN THE CARDS FOR '12?

Okay, so we're not writing in our 2012 calendar. But psychotherapist Thomas John, author of *The Astrology of Relationships*, offers some insights into your compatibility with your loved ones based on your zodiac sign.

SCORPIO LOVE

Heads up, Scorpios: You're going to run into some trouble with the signs of relationships.

OTHERS

With Mercury moving back to your sign, you'll have more opportunities to travel and meet people. You may even bump into old friends.

ADVICE

I see Aries getting

more opportunities

in 2012.

Scorpio

is a sign of

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AIRFRANCE



FRANCE IS IN THE AIR



OUR WORLD REVOLVES AROUND YOU
WELCOME TO OUR BUSINESS CLASS

AIRFRANCE.COM

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THE EDITOR



HAPPY HUNGER GAMES

AS I WRITE THIS ON A PLANE headed to Los Angeles for one last piece of business before the holidays, outside my window I can see the signs of the coming year: hot, post-holiday, as pressed as the collective soul of the country establishment to which I was—a member of its oligarchic elite. Having been born about a thousand miles from our post office in Texas, I've had a hard time squareing such a simplistic conclusion with the place and people I know. There were times a growing up at the turn of the last century when I witnessed a reverse trajectory—out of the great humpoople, ready to attack anyone who practice the masculinity. As it stands on the inside, I have spent the past twenty-five years under suspicion by both. On the outside, I never secretly believed the NRA, so there is Scott Linsley a card-carrying member of the People's Republic of New York. At a moment when some oligarchs have made their political affiliation known, EquiFile's long-standing members have been going where the story is, to pole and to prod with equal opportunity.

—AND ONE FOR ALL

How EquiFile covered the FBI in 1962. Jim Cohn, the FBI's first buying Services advisor, rock lawyer and Donald Trump's mentor—drowned in remembrance of J. Edgar Hoover three days ago.



The possibility that we may have elected a Milwaukee Marquette candidate, even in a swing state, allows me to extend the trope that reality has become stranger than post-modern dystopian fiction. As the many iterations of our nation's expert observers of ideological battle stations laudatory in preparation for a possible re-elect who has so far refused to relinquish his title to a sprawling global business and has expressed admiration for a dictator who violates a sovereignty of 8 million, the man who might end up causing it handily, as Wilmer writes, on the same everyone loves to hate right now.

—JAY FIELDEN

Even hardly the only projected outcome whereby this is indeed replicated at the world horse. In this issue, EquiFile columnist and New York Times horse critic Dwight Garner, in his pounds is the author of *We're All Virginians now*, writes: "There's a dual-inclusive rightness after the election of Donald J. Trump, that goes that there are two opposing Americas, red and blue, brawling like amateur UFC fighters. That's actually quite of truth—the narrative that most of us come, correctly, that we live somewhere in the middle."

The middle is, nevertheless, a hard place to live these days, whether as a personal choice or a professional obligation. Tom Weller's report this month from Leslie Washington's considers of power on what might have led FBI director James B. Comey to risk his own reputation and that of the agency with a disclosure less than eight days before the election in a close, it point. Even some of Comey's strongest critics recognize him as a statesman who was faced with an impossible decision. "He was handed a difficult task," says one source of his service.

Living in a town of Franklin County where Comey himself lived before becoming FBI director, I heard a number of stories through reliable sources when he first took the job. All of them had a common theme: this was indeed a statesman-like career who could still look abashedly and longingly at someone offstage. In an memorable instance, Comey, just before a competition among friends, showed off some moves and by quoting Eddie Trunk from *The Hunger Games*: "After the odds between your fighters."

Having never had the odds in favor to be elected president, Trump, to many, is the lucky recipient of an unlikely victory that wouldn't have been his without an assist from Comey's FBI. But now, on the third and December weekend, that narrative is officially expanded to include a new, much bigger whose personnel who is dealing with America's political offices as an disputes Vladimir Putin. According to new information from the CIA, operatives tied to Russia's intelligence apparatus were responsible for passing along classified emails from the accounts of John Podesta and the Democratic National Committee. On that much-fair basis, Thomas Rid fostered a similarly interesting finding—that those hacks were carried out by two Russians employing tactics learned at Ponzi Bank and Cozy Bear.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY D. STONE





FRIENDSHIP IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.
BLACK IS HOW YOU DRINK IT.

JIM BEAM BLACK® — EXTRA AGED FOR A UNIQUELY SMOOTH FLAVOR.



MAKE HISTORY®

A Jim Beam Black Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof). © 2010 Jim Beam Distilling Co., Louisville, KY.

FEBRUARY 2011

THE BIG BITE

A GUIDE TO DOING JUST ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING



FILM

The 18th Annual
Alternative Oscars

WE LAUGHED, we cried, we cringed again. And then—when we finally got around to watching a bunch of movies Hollywood, absent of the critics as always, most bold struts against slavery and the bombing of opening events and for intermission menu and successful emergency fundings while posing the truly serving ones and for all. Women, we now know, are just as capable of making good business decisions. There were disaster spots and epic disasters, tragic Reds and Bad Moms, superheros throwing sky-kicking beatdowns and white people dancing in the streets. Here we honor the best—and the ones—from the year in cinema, much as it was. ■ [FEBRUARY 2011](#)



THE MARCH
ISSUE

First Who is possible to have
ing to type a musician's
name in a your phone
as I am. It will play in
a stereo system of one
choice. 200-000



play the new book "Buy a
Dot.com" unreleased
since Google Home
can answer your ques-
tions at most times (such
questions as "What's the
weather when you left?" but it
also gives the ability
to play a radio station, a
song, or response of choice
of your request whenever
you ask it to do just
that. The ECR is not long
distance pricing can

— 10 —

Enter Sampha

A PROTÉGÉ OF DRAKE AND KANYE MAKES A STUNNING AND ORIGINAL DEBUT

By RICHARD RATLIFF

HANTUHAYA STYLIC often boils down to the sound of his voice, a big and tremulous chugging, often sliding up and down, over rhythmic board chords. Born in to a Sierra Leonean family in London, he has served as a producer, a reggae singer, and a kind of moral campaigner by stage by Jimmy West, Brink, and Sibley, and he has put out a couple EPs of his own. But now he's invested making a grand statement, clearly to denote

During a recent concert tour he called in to Brooklyn, a few nights after his first gig in New York, Sampson told me that he's had to work to think of himself as a singer and as a collaborator, as has been, he's said, a keyboardist and a producer making tracks where "no one knows me by the name." (In my mother's home,) he sings on a new



FEAR OF A WHITE PLANET

On Run the Jewels 3, The Rapists Killer Mike and El-P both end up with some of the most foul-tempered, intellectually-policious—*said* about each other person. For half the record, they’re chest-bumping with guests including Danny Brown and Kehlani Washington. For the other half, they’re railing us to “My Yacht,” sampling Martin Luther King Jr. and levelling insults at lesser rap artists. “Cheros is walking/Cheros was talking,” he raps in “Thieves (Borrowed the Chest).” The highs stay wild and clarity, but the lows are maddening and mendacious. —B.B.



As usual, you saw that coming.

There are a lot of things that are easy to see coming, like overburn and homogenous flamebacks, going out of style, but more things are a little harder to detect. Like that parameter unexpectedly differentiating. That's why Toyota Safety Sense® II, including a Pre-Collision System™ with Pedestrian Detection, comes standard on the new 2019 Corolla.

Particular attention will be given to the relationship between the two concepts. Dependence on the one hand and dependence on the other hand are two different concepts. The former is based on the concept of dependence on the other hand, which is based on the concept of dependence on the one hand.

The New 2017
COROLLA
Toyota Safety Sense® Standard



A Sedan with Sprezzatura

LEAVE IT TO THE ITALIANS TO CREATE THE SPEEDIEST, MOST STYLISH FOUR-DOOR EVER TO DO A BURNOUT.

DRAGG DRAPPI Alfa Romeo jumped when it heard the exhaust note. Even better! The heavy purr of its Italian-designed V-6. Shhh! the brush. Sighs of admiration. A symphony of displacement and I was instantly smitten with the Alfa Romeo Giulia Quadrifoglio, the storager's first attempt at being Italian to the bone.

The defrosted curves with the impossible grace of a defensive end returning to the pylon for a touchdown, which made me long to grip the distance-enhanced wheel, let the big-dog rear brakes, and paddle shift my way through the 87MPH long after our test driver was gone. The starting launch traction light fixture that belies the car's 3,600-pound heft. And there is torque for days. The 509 hp, 443 lb-ft

racca-turbo blow over. Shapes calling hollas as if they were hooligans in a saloon. Giggles and boozeholes. 3.9 seconds, producing the kind of g-forces that will test your core strength. Who says no one appreciates the finer things in life? (Pssst...the Giulia has the White racing lap record for a production four-door at 1:49.1.)

From the outside, it's like the god, like that of a hawk about to strike, flows out wide fenders and a serenely curved body—the vehicle, male and not, is delicious.

CEO Sergio Marchionne reportedly had the rest bushes on the Giulia after seeing this—so far prototype type was delivered. Although it took longer for the model to land on dealerships than in the movies, it was worth the wait. The result is a wonderful car endowed with a much more playful spirit than those of its German stablemates, which have long had a stranglehold on the stodgy—sister market. The \$70,000 question, though: Are there enough consumers out there to choose a Giulia Quadrifoglio over the more established competition? As weak the beautiful movie it leaves in its wake, you can't help but pay attention. —KEVIN TINTONOWSKI

FROM THE BOOK OF MODELS TO COME
TO READ & RUMINATE

This should be obvious, but just in case: This is the original Vittorio Alfieri. From 1910, when automaker Fiat and racing team Alfa Romeo merged, until 1932, when the two companies became known as Alfa Romeo. Then, in 1932, they split again. This year, Alfa Romeo's chairman is Jean Todt. He's been around since 1985, and he's not afraid of a risk. Considering that the company's most recent venture is to buy a Formula 1 team, it's safe to say he's not afraid of anything. —J.C.

The future belongs to those who change it.

AMAZON ORIGINAL

THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE

STREAM NEW SEASON NOW ON PRIME VIDEO

amazon Prime

86 the Tasting Menu?

IT'S TIME TO RETHINK THE FOUR-HOUR \$500 MEAL (WINE NOT INCLUDED)

By JEFF GORDINIER



THE OTHER DAY I sent a couple texts to help a friend of mine land a last-minute table at one of the best restaurants in New York. He thanked me. But moments later, he apologized. He was thinking out loud just as I had been aware that a repast at this purist culinarian would involve the all-or-nothing proposition of a four-hour tasting menu, and he didn't have the patience, the appetite, or the attention span to sit there watching him eat. That's the strength of a pricetag: it's a problem. If he wanted to sit down and order ad lib or two without being schooled on which finishing schools the courses had gone to.

I was not surprised. I have it all the time. I'm a fan of modern tasting menus because the broad spectrum of the culinary reaches both

somehow along the way, tasting and the food. I mean, it's art for dining, but we still appreciate the chefs more than the dishes?

dishes and do (overuse of the chalk) who are raising money. However, I feel that one course is the kind of fine rats and heaving sighs that are mostly reserved for wear-diluting holiday dinners with relatives who still cling to the belief that Thanksgiving is a gay Month.

If I am about to whine about a meal that's supposed to maximize pleasure by tactfully stretching beyond the routine range of laudanum of Andalus, you've probably never experienced the dread that arises when you feel like you're just

sitting at a table surrounded by a herd of emus fed largely on the stale standing of the rest of your table, while you are the one who will go before the chef to order, which will be followed by the "dinner movement" and a table full of regurgitates. Imagine if the oil well that's been flowing around Earth for years now, that is in fact drying down on tuning manner. Now was crop up regularly in New York and San Francisco and Washington, D.C.—expensive enough to pack in halves and long enough to pack the discipline of a Buddhist monk in the lotus position.

But there's a catch, and it's one that renders all the degeneration dazzling more. It depends on the hands of the eight chef, a tasting menu to leave you feeling not bored, a little homesick, a little grand, a little tired, overlight on your feet. When you walk out of Le Bernardin in New York, are you just the wise that's making you feel like though you might actually live here? The same goes for Le Comptoir et Privé in Los Angeles, Alain in Chicago, and Bruno in Paris. No one can make a tasting menu on Copenhagen, Puglia or Mexico City, and Dennis Franssen in a Modena, Italy. A restaurant is ridiculous now, especially if it happens to be Quodlibetum, and the receipt of the wine list—those magnificences like the very best double or triple-blends—the ones from which you wouldn't want to lose a single drop. London Calling by the Clash and Big in France, à la Love Songs by the Magnetic Fields and Roll on Marble by the Rolling Stones, a group of gentlemen who like a stronger two show prolonged debauchery.

There are ways to keep a tasting menu from turning into a gastronomic sprawl of McDo's. Great restaurants and chefs know how to make their, in particular—your amateur experience is necessarily a high-speed static blur. At Alain in

DO TASTING MENUS WORK FOR YOU? HERE'S THE SCORE

1. Le Bernardin
Los Angeles
2. Comptoir et Privé
Los Angeles
3. Alain
Chicago
4. Bruno
Modena, Italy
5. Dennis Franssen
Copenhagen
6. Quodlibetum
London
7. Magnetic Fields
New York
8. Puglia
Italy
9. Love Songs
Paris
10. Roll on Marble
London
11. Le Bernardin
Paris
12. Le Bernardin
Washington, D.C.
13. The Fat Duck
Brillianton, Virginia
14. La Bernadette
New York



Orlando of Cognac's menu is like an open manual click on Mendocino Bo in New York



COCKTAIL TASTING MENUS ARE A THING... AND YOU SHOULD GIVE IT A TRY

The idea of a tasting menu is bar stools. You sat down at the bar counter, you were given a seat. You got a cocktail or beer based on the moment. A bar tender's character was integral to the whole. What's next? Longer beers? Shorter cocktails? Has it become part of the art?



Cognac, you can program your taste buds around the garden and up a hill by a bonfire, at Blanca in Brooklyn, you're welcome to wander away from the counter to spin vinyl alliance on a turntable, at La Comptoir et Privé. A'kin known, chef Guy Martin has a passion for reggaeton that hopefully will find its way into the wrong kind of gloom.

It's much easier to do the small and sustained rather round outfit, a low-level, with Cognac, on New York's Lower East Side, where the tasting menu from chef Jennifer Saltzman and Fabrice von Blonck Volumen tends to be flat, sharp, and/or cerebral—provided you let wine director Jorge Miers put together your own private binder of natural wines. American tasting menus will become more fun, more diverse, and more exciting across the board as soon as more restaurants—except the show-boaters—discover that spotless Cognac and Le Comptoir have already get into practice. Always leave them wanting more. ▀

Business Trip

SILICON VALLEY GEENS HAVE TURNED LSD INTO THE NEW ADD-ON. ARE YOU READY TO TAKE THE DOP?

By AMANDA FORTINI

THREE LAST TIME I had that much about LSD, it was the spring of my sophomore year in high school and my then-best friend, a long-haired geek who was my everywhere bandmate, had possessed a small stash. We used to sit in the Indian Temple, where I counted every glistening grain of sand, and again in my wood-paneled basement a few days later, when I stood before a mirror, observing my face as it flickered and changed above like flames.

I didn't try again after that, although I'd been by years of anti-drug propaganda. If you took LSD more than a few times, you would end up in jailtime. (Who came up with that number?) Or you could have a bad trip and imagine that you're crowing with weird, ticklish, alien gods. (That book, *Curing for Disquietude*, was written not by an anonymous 25-year-old drug addict but by a Mexican psychotherapist.) In the following decades, I came to view LSD as a fringe thing—not the substance of disease but something I knew.

Suddenly, though, it's not just everyone, from culture agnostics to "no-party zones," is dabbling in it, according to a spate of recent articles. Not in large quantities but rather in infinitesimal "microdoses" and to have a tray of drinkable elixirs balanced against, increasing the self-reliance, creativity and problem-solving abilities, even brightening slightly. After reading this new book, *Really Good Day: How Microdosing Made a Major Difference in My Mind, My Marriage, and My Life* (St. Martin's), by April Waldman, a best-selling author, former public defender, mother of four, and wife of the novelist Michael Chabon—I knew the peptide had officially entered the mainstream. There, at a party in Montana, not far from where I live, I met a clothing designer I know from the Bay Area. When I mentioned the book to her, she stated: "I take a pinch of magic mushrooms every morning."

"People report that it's like Adderall but with none of the bad effects," says James

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW RICE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW RICE



Ridaura, the West Hollywood, California, psychologist who popularized the term microdosing with his 2010 underground book, *The Psychedelic Explorer's Guide*. In fact, true believers make it sound like it's Adderall, Prozac, a venti Starbucks coffee, and a weeklong meditation retreat combined into single ingested substances. A microdose is roughly a tenth of a normal dose, typically 10 micrograms of LSD or 20 micrograms of psilocybin mushrooms.

The effects of this amount are "subperceptual," according to Ridaura. In other words, no psychadelic fireworks. "The rocks don't shatter, nor are they little," he says instead, the LSD, which works on the brain's serotonin receptors in ways that are not entirely understood. So "heightened art, intuition," according to a *Psychiatry Update's* (a doctor's study) function as like moods or presence or a cognitive-enhancing drug.

Pedersen, who has been researching psychedelics since the 1980s and appears in Waldman's book, as do lots of nearly all the microdosing literature, has created a protocol that consists of one day on, two days off; a rig done every fourth day. (After second day, the effects carry over, and the shed provides a buffer of sort of placeboing.) He cautions that self-study subjects

skip "journal entries on [their] experience" and email him and his colleagues when the results. "In your report, we're asking you to expand our horizons, question our assumptions, and help us discover new facets of these fascinating and often misunderstood substances." Ridaura goes close to 75 inquiries a month and is in receipt of more than 200 self-reports.

The various trend to fall into one of two camps. Ridaura may be those who want to re-experiencing "for reasons of mental health" and "the Silicon Valley blockbuster types." The former category includes people hoping to treat depression and anxiety that hasn't responded to outside therapies. Waldman, who suffers from a chronically induced food disorder, belongs to the group. "It pulled me out of my death spiral," she says.

The blockbusters, meanwhile, are looking for a mental edge. "The closer you go to tech start-ups, the closer you'll be to performance-enhancing drugs," says Jason Dean, 26, an action-oriented consultant whom a peer-reviewed study estimates has microdosed five to ten years. "There's a lot of competition, there's a lot of extremely strenuous mental work, and so whatever can keep people's minds whirring and keep them creative and flexible—all of these things are critical, and the only way to do that is to do what you can do." Sustovius, some of whom have experimented with "secret" drugs or narcotics, will take the psychadelic boost while leaving the mystical wonderland aside. As well as so much else in our culture—page, education, even taking snapshots—experience that was once as real as itself has become a creature to a quantifiable and measurable.

Moving beyond personal experimentation (After a dozen die-hard batas, psychadelic studies have been conducted at Johns Hopkins University, NYU's Hassenfeld Center, and Imperial College London, but these remained off-limits to laymen). Still, the clandestine audience persuaded me to try. I tried numerous methods to entice myself into hankering, prodding, and leaning disengagedness, from turning to supplements to nosepicks, and I regularly consume absurd quantities of caffeine to boost energy. What's even more insidious? Plus, Pedersen tells me, Albert Hofmann, the discoverer of LSD, died in 2008, in the final decades of his life—and he lived to be 93.

I could tell that it's actually quite easy to buy LSD from the dark web, but the use in thought of historic texts daunting, so I ask a private friend if he knows where to get some. He does. I didn't risk it as much by following instructions. I had no idea. I don't feel sick, but I do get up with daze without fighting the usual unease. It's rebel, microvamping.

True BELIEVERS say it's ADDERALL, PROZAC, a venti STARBUCKS COFFEE, and a weeklong MEDITATION RETREAT combined into a SINGLE ingestible SUBSTANCE.



Given, LSD was the precursor of books and Captain Jack Houghton's *Starbucks: The Art of the Venti* (2010). "I'm not the first person to write a book named after a Starbucks coffee," he says. "But I'm the first person to write a book named after a Starbucks coffee." His writing relies on pragmatism and minuscule attention.



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FIND THIS ISSUE AT A NEWSSTAND NEAR YOU

Stuart Vevers
Furniture and accessories
for the home (page 83) (2009
hand-painted leather
commission for Coach)
Photo by Michael Hickey

Physical Graffiti

At Coach, designer Stuart Vevers redefines luxury

Stuart Vevers has worked for some of Europe's prettiest outfits—Burberry Prorsum, Mulberry, Givenchy. So when Coach, the venerable 74-year-old New York brand, brought him in to rethink the line, we were curious to see where he'd start.

Free now: The Coach that defined a quiet, traditional luxury still exists. But Vevers has argued a bold case for a cascade that brand as an example of how to reimagine basic with a strong heritage without losing its soul.

Vevers overhauled all of Coach's products and merchandising, including its leg-endary leather goods, but it's in clothing *



- that he is really shifting the company into a higher gear. Czech PHM has a decidedly youthful feel.

"That's a good idea, but I am being defined by the next generation, which wants to spread its money on a t-shirt, or a t-shirt hoodie," he says. "And I think that all of that has been driven by the taste and bold style. This new generation doesn't care so much about a t-shirt or hoodie, or a t-shirt. They want something more, something more interesting."

For his Spring '97 collection, Venner tapped legendary Los Angeles artist Gary Baseman to create his bold range of products—including leather jackets, totes, and T-shirts—quit hours before the garments hit the runway. Baseman's designs sold as original art and will continue to sell in print form at Atlanta's March 17-19 American International



A few bullet from Derrills
Spring (Brenner 12 milimeter)

from realms as diverse as surf culture and the American West, and Wixen also played with Anarchazza, subversive garage psych leaders with stink. It's classic, but not as we know it.

"Watch like crazy to see what's relevant to day," says Veviers. "You used that before as my career, but after the last few years I felt like people hung on to those ideas and kind of reassured that didn't seem much later on. The best brands today are making great fashion that is strengthened by its heritage." See more [Dior's Fall '16](#).

一九九九年四月

Strip It Down

Esquire style director MATTHEW MARSHAL
on the McQueen sneaker



© 2007 The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc.

My grand pa-tus was a Star Smith and a Corvette low-top, mostly because I'm not a fan of a "Vishwanath" identifier—even from brands I love—since designer surnames are usually too tacky and also cost more than I'm willing to spend.

Their Lawyer: Michael McGarrigle

What struck me is that they are elevated and simple at the same time.

Revised 2000 by Simeon M. Baum

HOW TO CARRY A TUNE

The easiest way to assess your musical taste at a party? Show up with the Bellatio Concerto, a sleek leather case from the Italian shoemaker. \$14. Custom-made to take the powerful, space-age-style Givaudan Privilège speaker with its pentagonal wireless receiver.

Open FLIGHTS by Berlitz.

Nuts.



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160 calories



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TORTILLA CHIPS**
160 calories



 It's shocking when you compare a bowl of naturally trans fat and cholesterol-free Wonderful Pistachios to a meager helping of fried, flavored tortilla chips. With three times the protein and fiber for the same calories, you'd be crazy not to crack open some delicious, heart-healthy Wonderful Pistachios. Get Crackin'!

Scientific evidence suggests but does not prove that eating 1.5 ounces per day of most nuts, such as pretzels, as part of a diet low in saturated fat and cholesterol may reduce the risk of heart disease. See nutrition information for fat content. ©2004 Frito-Lay, Inc., BRENHAM, TX 77830



Is Your Suit Too Tight?

Why do so many men look like weenies, not winners?

BY NICK SULLIVAN

IN THE SQUARE OFFICE we refer to an all-too-common-and-ugly-style-fail among men as "weenie skin"—not what happens when a well-loved man hits the fitness that he should squeeze into his suit (and for a 175-pound guy, trousers and pants appear ready to burst), or inflated with a bicycle pump. Under the不堪able pressure, picket fences look set to ping-pong across the room and the screen out of eye sight. From nervous blagues to question marks—and, increasingly, average Joe—men wear these days want to move to this style sewer.

We know how it can start. Ten years ago, Hollywood stylists and certain style experts took Thom Browne's gender-breaking, unhemmed silhouettes and corrupted it, twisting it into a high-end-rightness-the-day-and-never-looking-exploited.

It's a look that supposedly showed you were a man of the moment. Trouble is that moment has become overhauled. It's time you took back the fit of your suit. Just remember: When a man wears a suit that's too tight, he ends up looking small.

And that is firmly en right. The sleek pencil-leg swing of male style has begun to head back the other way. This coming spring is shaping up to go for a more relaxed, seriously toward ease in the way, promising a height and breadth increase.



Suit (EL 2010) by Brunello Cucinelli, \$1,045; belt (2012) by Belstaff, about \$180
By Francis Heitman

LE LABO VETIVER 4B

Fragrance purists should add Le Labo's Vetiver 4B ("Hello, Classy Debbie" my mom, Odette pejoratively puts with a smile) to their "I'm not a frag" stash. Those closest to me say it's like a "Monsieur Tuber" (remember why I like AR, but it's weird for that it's available in a dark bottle that allows for a high-gloss display and a secret chest hiding without arousing suspicion). —N.S.

—N.S.



seen, without the ingratiating glow of grey. Copies of the art of print but not art much book can occasionally be found on eBay. Or go Young & Peggy-style and search your neighborhood bookstore.



Geezer Chic: The Bible

Rediscovering a classic of taste and attitude

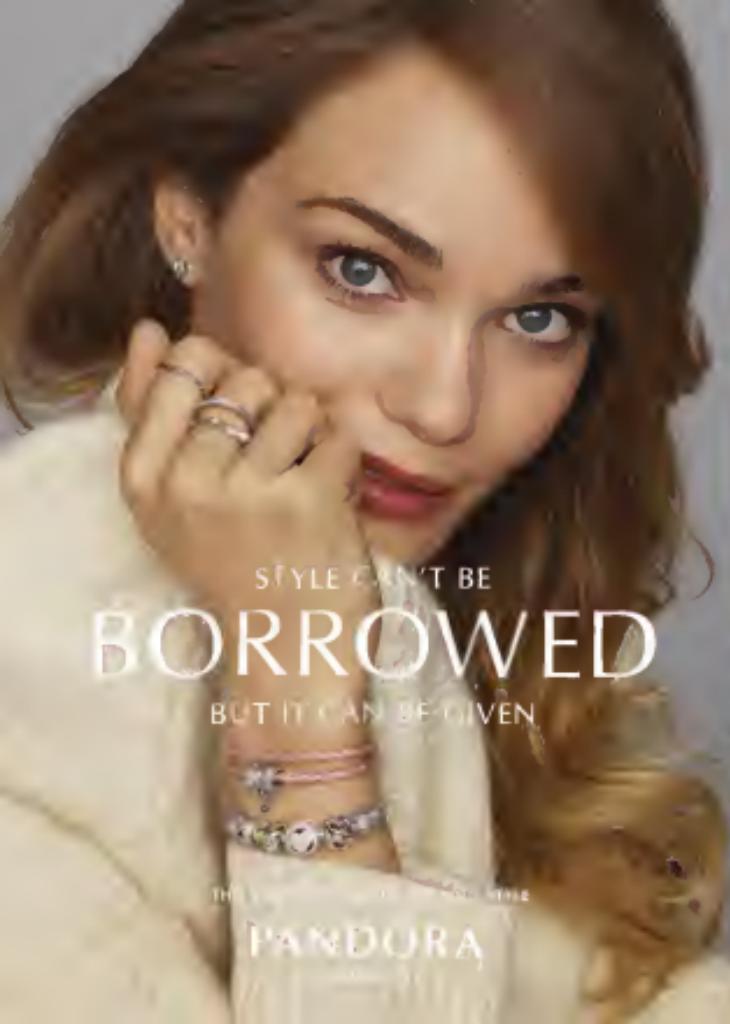
WHEN IT WAS PUBLISHED in 1988, *The Young & Peggy Bible* was one of the most radical and controversial books about male style ever written—it literally dared to look in the eye to teach and tell. *Young & Peggy* sets a polite "thank you but no" to progress in all respects of culture and lifestyle, but especially in the area of clothes, based on the conviction that nothing much had happened—in any way—since 1923. What was clear: In one were unshaven, Snauville wearing was silly. That was everything. For a short time, you saw Y&P everywhere in London and most major towns, usually peddling copies of some old magazine.

Young & Peggy rejected anything in men's clothing for the sake of it, its adherents preferred coarse things that were truly, unashamedly hand-me-downs old, still clean but always bad: the very best—stuff that identified you as a father in sides as one did.

There follow get hold of the *Young & Peggy* aesthetic, exploring and towing it beyond recognition and ultimately running far into decades.

Still, great examples of Y&P endure. Walk onto many authentically-minded men's-wear stores—think Paul Stuart, Möller's Orth, and J. Cawie, for heaven's sake—and there they are, ghost-like tucked into every

room, without the ingratiating glow of grey. Copies of the art of print but not art much book can occasionally be found on eBay. Or go Young & Peggy-style and search your neighborhood bookstore.



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BORROWED

BUT IT CAN BE GIVEN.

THE PANDORA JEWELRY STORE

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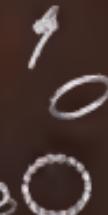
SNEAK OFF TO THE COUNTRY

You know the one: your girl's so laid-back, she'd rather be outside, and escape with her to the back-to-the-country life is breached. The only thing more romantic than the countryside will be her smile, and her Dazzling Dreyfus Earrings from PANDORA. www.pandora.com/2012/01

TAKE THE
hint

She wears your sweater, borrows your camera, steals your favorite ball cap—she obviously likes your taste. This Valentine's Day, translate your style into a magical day, complete with PANDORA jewelry.

PANDORA



STARGAZING

Bundle her up in one of your favorites and take her for a night of stargazing. Then outshine the stars. Surprise her with a necklace by PANDORA. www.pandora.com/2012/01

TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT

The perfect gateway for the gal who steals your camera and steals your heart: Surprise her with a trip to the mountains, and slide a ring from PANDORA onto that circular shutter finger.

Forever Heart Ring (\$60.00)
Estimated price: \$60.00

A Well-Oiled Machine

There's nothing crude about
Rosenblatt's latest beauty.

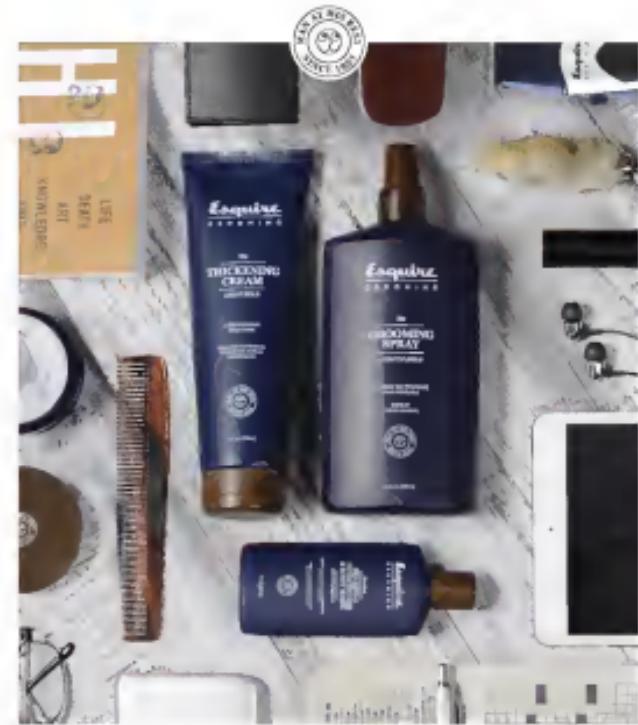
TIMEPIECE INNOVATIONS are often the result of working harder—old mechanical inventions. So when a watch comes on the scene that completely renews the game—the click out the oil-filled dial—it's no surprise.

Why? It provides the world's best specimen: a sleek display that appears to float against the oiled crystal.

For its 40mm titanium Type 100 Black Black driver, the oil that causes superlative lightidity (adhesion to 10 atmospheres/100 meters). The dial can be easily viewed from any angle without the slightest glare or reflection. Underneath the dial, a series of weights keeps the display tethered to the mechanical movement, making for one slick wristwatch. —ETIENNE WATSON

Watch \$40,000 by Rosenblatt; cufflinks \$450 by Brooks Brothers; gloves \$150 by Neiman Marcus; jewelry

By Anthony Belmont (340) 677-3300; Esquire March



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GROOMING

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Tools—yes. Tools—make the difference. And the three most important tools in a men's grooming arsenal are professional clippers, a versatile trimmer and a dryer. The first two are straightforward—knives, and notable—they will tackle your trimming, cutting and everyday maintenance needs with ease. The Brush Dryer is the first of its kind and requires explanation: using infrared technology it dries hair as it styles, adds volume, and leaves hair where you ultimately want it to feel. This allows you to achieve a better look while using less styling product.

Pivot Pro Classic Professional Clipper, The Pivot Pro Trimmer, The Brush Dryer and all your other grooming needs at [Esquire.com](#) and [ULTAGM](#).

Esquire
GROOMING

How I Got My Style

ROBERT RABENSTEINER

*Men's-fashion stylist and
art director*

WHAT'S THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR STYLE?

"I was born in Bedford, the manufacturing area of northern Italy. To get to the house, you have to go through a cabin and then a castle! The area makes like traditional clothes—not just from there but from wherever, from India, from Russia. I like to gather additional pieces together in a modern way."

WHAT'S YOUR FIRST FASHION MEMORY?

"I was 15, in '86. I'd recently run off to a particular leather jacket store in Arco Felice. It was like a bazaar with graphic black-and-white graphics. It was the '80s—*CHICAGO* OF WHO-DAWN-YEAR-ER?

"What inspires me is the style of my own family and certain aristocratic and free-table-like Tolosa and Vincenzi. It wasn't about imitating the styles but chose those. To me, taste is always a more important thing to aim for than fashion."

WHAT DO YOU NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT?

"A scarf. In summer or winter, mostly they are Chavarriola. A scarf is a great way to elevate whatever you're wearing."

WHAT DO YOU GET A KICK OUT OF THESE DAYS?

"How to go to some specific stores like places you might buy leather shoes and my shorts. If I go to Indio, I will find a random leather shop and see what they can make for me."

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT DTF?

"There's something I just saw and see about every damn new trend they get these out years after and wear them again."

DOES FASHION STAY SAME?

"My style doesn't really change, but I'm always adding some things now. I have a Phoenix jacket to match with Linda West. When people—they're classic pieces that you mix together unexpectedly to make something new. I mean understand people who change their look every four or six months. I know it's a modern thing but Esquire for consistency."



66

To me, taste is
always a more
important
thing to aim for
than fashion.

99

LESS IS MORE
Intentional padding creates a minimalist silhouette that's the result of a star designer.

**ITALIAN STYLING,
JAPANESE
ENGINEERING**
The jacket is made from a blend of wool and cashmere, featuring a subtle plaid pattern. It has a notched collar, two chest pockets, and a belt.

GOLF IS EVERYTHING.
Because—out of course—there's nothing else you can dress up or down.

NOTHING TO HIDE
Next to nothing, showing off the finishing touches you all-around comfort.

Wool & Cashmere

CHAS

THE JACKET'S DESIGNS is simple: to make lightweight, season-appropriate clothes. With minimalist structure—a natural shoulder, a gentle midsection—a Ring-Jacket garment looks and feels very Italian, especially when you sit at a bar. Yet, an open coat house in Nagoya, but curiously enough, the line was founded 80 years ago by Shiroki Fukumoto, who wanted to create a more bourgeois version of the Ivy-style tailoring that was then gripping Americans obsessed Japan. In the intervening years, Italian styling abrogated new cuts and lightness took hold, making favored by Japanese and Americans alike, and integrated its unique style through pieces like the Ring-Jacket (a name that, to us, suggests it's inferior than it is). But you don't need to go to Tokyo to get a Ring—they're now available in New York at the Atticary, one of the few-genuine-line label-and-maison stores that is currently making classic clothes again. —R. R.

photos: D. L. COOPER; top photo: KENZO KAWAMURA; bottom photo: DAVID MCKEEON; by Carter

RING JACKET'S DESIGN is simple: to make lightweight, season-appropriate clothes. With minimalist structure—a natural shoulder, a gentle midsection—a Ring-Jacket garment looks and feels very Italian, especially when you sit at a bar. Yet, an open coat house in Nagoya, but curiously enough, the line was founded 80 years ago by Shiroki Fukumoto, who wanted to create a more bourgeois version of the Ivy-style tailoring that was then gripping Americans obsessed Japan. In the intervening years, Italian styling abrogated new cuts and lightness took hold, making favored by Japanese and Americans alike, and integrated its unique style through pieces like the Ring-Jacket (a name that, to us, suggests it's inferior than it is). But you don't need to go to Tokyo to get a Ring—they're now available in New York at the Atticary, one of the few-genuine-line label-and-maison stores that is currently making classic clothes again. —R. R.

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A New Mecca of Cool

For fashion-heads, there's Colette in Paris and 10 Corso Como in Milan. Now there's KITH IN N.Y.C. Ronnie Fieg explains his brand's success.

IN PART ONE OF THIS REPORT, we saw how Kith's success has come from its focus on quality and craftsmanship. But it's also about being a part of the New York scene. "It's about being a part of the culture," says Fieg. "It's about being a part of the neighborhood." And that's what he means when he says "Kith is a brand for New York." The brand has become synonymous with New York City, and that's why it's important to him that Kith remains true to its roots. "We're not trying to be a global brand," he says. "We're trying to be a local brand that represents New York City."



66

I'm most proud of creating something that's not fickle.



GO BIG OR GO HOME "For me, it's about being respected and desired from Harlem to the Hamptons. Whenever I hold product, we don't have a specific customer in mind, instead, we're thinking of the broad culture, which stands for who ever uses the product."

ALKALOID AND ART "My passion is split between branding, apparel, music, movies, and travel, and for as long as I am CEO and creative director of Kith, I don't think that will change for the brand."

HOW TO GET IT ALL DONE "The trick is to hold no meeting time around you. Everything is a tablet, and having a team that can execute is the most I can ever ask for. When you know everyone is taking care of their business, it makes it easier to think outside the box."

- RONNIE FIEG



PHOTOGRAPH BY DEAN DELGADO

IS IT THE
SHOE? IS IT THE
CLOTHING? IS IT THE
HAT? IS IT THE
SNEAKER? OR IS IT
THE PERSON WEAR-
ING IT? IT'S ALL
ABOUT THE
PERSON WEAR-
ING IT. THAT'S
WHAT'S COOL.
THAT'S KITH.
KITH IS COOL.
KITH IS FOREVER.

WE HAVE LOTS AND LOTS OF SHOES. "Kith has always been about what's missing in my closet, and my emotional connection to the '90s plays a strong part in my design. In 1996, the most influential year of my life, I was 16 and going back and forth from home. Queen was working in the West Village, making things for the first time. That's where she shaped my vision for what I wanted to wear out of the products it was the products in."

GIVE PEOPLE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER. "When we built the store, we wanted to make sure everyone had an experience—product, colors and graphics, but also experiences like flavor."

CREATE WORK CLOTHES FROM COLLABORATIONS.

"The most important part of working with anyone is achieving some sort of angle that you can't achieve on your own. Understanding workers some of the most interesting things any brand can do. I'm most proud of creating something that's not fickle, something that's not fake, something that's not like a trend or something that's trying to become an iconic brand ourselves. My mentality is always, 'If we stay today, what was our impact on the market and on the world?' I want to live in people's closets."

TH

REACH FOR IT
BRIGHT STYLING
INTERIOR
DESIGN
BY KITH
AND THE
LEMON
PEEL
THE SATIN
T-SHIRT
COLLECTOR
ITEMS

THE CODE
GROOMING

Beard Be Gone
Spring cleaning starts now

Q WHAT DO BROOKLYN HARTENDERS and Paul Rudd have in common? A: Beards.

To all formerly cool, now-not-so-cool trends, beards have become preventable. About change adduction for the new year might be easier for you. If your face has not seen sunlight in several months or years, here's a guide to reacquaint you with facial growth:

- You can't shave off that face with a razor blade. First, use an electric razor to shave the greater part of your beard. Our favorite is the moment in the series' supremely powerful Philip Morris One Blade, which comes equipped with three switchable blades. It can tackle the first few centimeters with ease and take you right down to a three-day stubble. A quartet at [Ebay.com](#) is \$10.
- Next, try the Aerostar Shaving's post-shave, which will soften the rest of your beard and prepare the follicles for shaving.
- Then, any old shaving cream simply will do. So, try Malin + Goetz's, which uses both vitamin E and shea butter to soften your skin.
- As above with a conventional wet shave, use razors such as the Schick Hydro or an old-fashioned one-blade safety razor if the new breed (right).
- Follow with Lab Series' Four Bars Facial Lotion to instantly soothe irritation and redness.
- And don't forget to minimize. Always lightly scrub your face before applying toner to help hydrate the skin.

—MICHAEL STEPHENS

(MALIN+GOETZ)

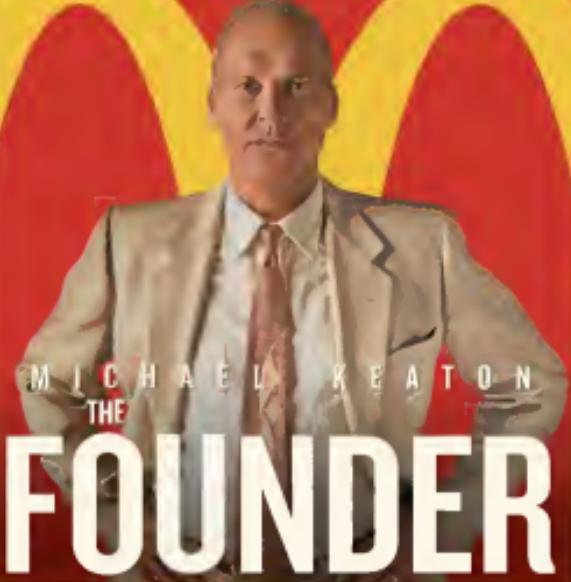
SHE'LL FEEL IT
The single safety razor is melting a community—and just plain threatening. We're serious about it—it offers a closer shave, but you can't just plow through your beard. Apply patience, not pressure. The key is to let the blade do the work for you—use a consistent 30-degree angle and always go in the direction of growth.

Gillette razor blades (set of five, \$10) by Gillette

"AN INCREDIBLE PERFORMANCE BY MICHAEL KEATON."

SCOTT FERREIRA, THE HOLLYWOOD BEAT-UPPER

RISK TAKER. RULE BREAKER. GAME CHANGER.



BASED ON THE TRUE STORY

IN THEATERS JANUARY 20th

A Gym of Angels

Victoria's Secret models have made New York's Dogpound their fitness home. Maybe you should, too.

AKA KATIE MYERS owner/trainer of the Dogpound, whose many Victoria's Secret models—alumnae of the four-year-old Angel—are members and the responds with fitness glee: "Everyone here has a positive energy." "We're built a strong community." "The girls are strong results." Who has working out at the gym doesn't cheer on the mystery other. The space, though stacked with high-end-new high-quality equipment, is stone-faced. There are no showers. The changing room is a bathroom and that is all around the steel and black interior of your basement—or once-a-month boot camp class and there they strip the flesh of women you wish would grab the world at your next to you but never actually materialize.

Working out at the gym doesn't cheer on the mystery other. The space, though stacked with high-end-new high-quality equipment, is stone-faced. There are no showers. The changing room is a bathroom and that is all around the steel and black interior of your basement—or once-a-month boot camp class and there they strip the flesh of women you wish would grab the world at your next to you but never actually materialize.

Myers's exceptional training skills are only one reason so many models have sought her out. And then there's Hugh Jackman, who became his client in 2004. Helping Jackman achieve his Wolverine body led to press, which led to more clients.

That still doesn't fully explain the model's presence. However, "Partners are my main driving motivation because of Jackman's jaw-dropping physique but he's not a client who trained with us from day one and recommended him to Angel," Josephine Tucko, like loved-up and her return with more Angels. It snowballed from there.

"The Dogpound is a perfect combination of energetic music, positive people, and inspiring body transformations," says Josephine. "We used our own Matlates so much I used to swallow when served by an Angel."

—ERIKA BULLISTER

CLUBHOUSE (left) Victoria's Secret models Katie Myers, Kristin Cavallari, and Leah Remini; (right) Katia Myer with Cat and Kylie Minogue; (center) Josephine Tucko with Hugh Jackman; (far right) Hugh Jackman and Jennifer Lopez

THE 15-MINUTE DOG-POUND QUICKIE
Report on Dogpound's YouTube channel

FITNESS (top left) Why: Offers a full-body work-out, strength, and cardio body. (top right) Why are most people aren't getting fit.

JUMP ROPE (top right) Why: Burns 300-400 extra calories in 20 seconds (not to mention the fun factor). Why: Increases heart rate, improves balance, and helps you learn to breathe.

PLANK-OFFS (bottom left) Why: Burns 10 per minute. Why: It builds core strength. Top: Price for a two-count or the dog to help make it easier to form.

ILLUSTRATION BY REBECCA BURGESS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER FOR EQUUS



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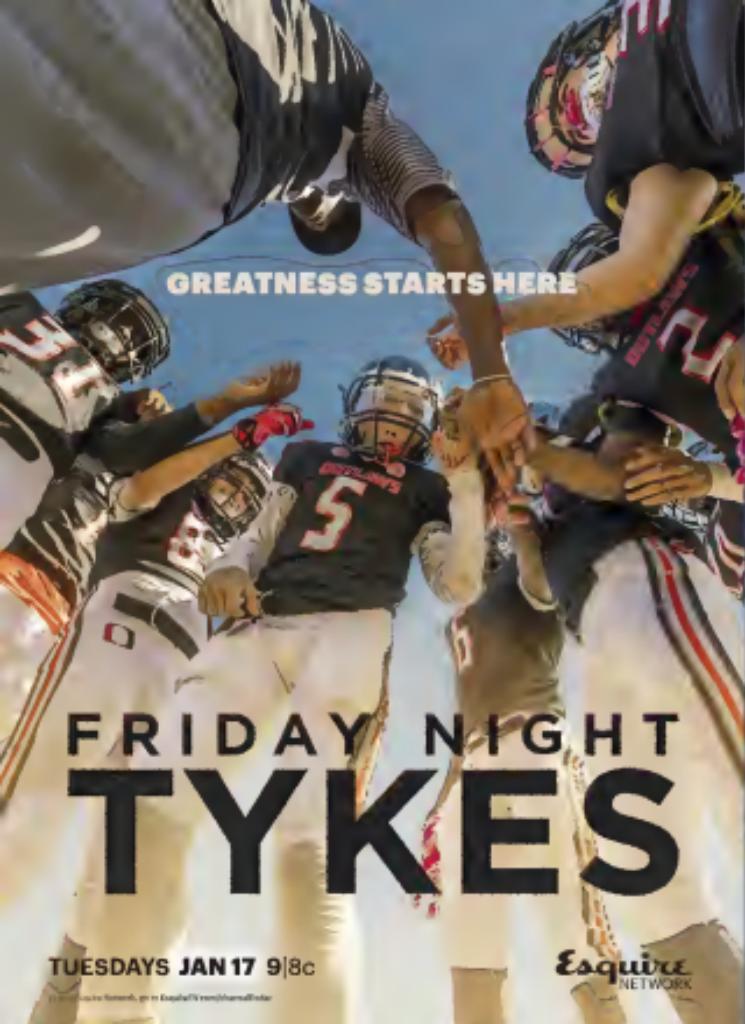
The same goes for car insurance. Why go with a company that offers just a low price when GEICO could save you hundreds and give you so much more? You could enjoy satisfying professional service, 24/7, from a company that's made it their business to help people since 1936. This winning combination has helped GEICO to become the 2nd-largest private passenger auto insurer in the nation.

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FRIDAY NIGHT TYKES

TUESDAYS JAN 17 9|8c

Esquire
NETWORK

STEEL FRIDAY NIGHT TYKES COUNTRY

IN THE SHADOWS OF LEGENDS

TUESDAYS JAN 31 10|9c

Esquire
NETWORK



UNDISCOVERED WISDOM
By Dwight Garner

THE ROAD TAKEN

How do we create a new home for ourselves without forgetting the place that will always be home?

TERENCE A. FURRY AND PARTICULARLY America's interest in Bruce Springsteen's recent memoir, *Dborn to Run*, in which he describes how his parents and younger sister moved from New Jersey to California in 1968, leaving him behind, at times it seems to have led to a kind of musical career-like tour

Costello, Springsteen, they pointed out their 1968 Kindle's west and raised up in California. It was an arvy and expensive trip, a road from Princeton and clearly far from the pulled-over-sign station, and Springsteen's mother asked the attendant "Where do people live up here?"

Where do people like us live? It's a paradigmatic American question, alongside the one that the former New York City mayor Ed Koch used to ask every day: "How's I doin'?" The answer depends on how you define the word *us*. There's a division between right now, after the election of Donald J. Trump, that points straight to a reoccupying America, red and blue, leaving the tattooed UFC fighters, the burly stand-up guys of truth to that narrative. But most of us care, correctly, that we live somewhere between the middle. We're somewhere where we stand reasonably politically and socially. To live may prompt the same confusion. When Bruce Springsteen got off his car to ask "Where do people live up here?" he was thinking about social class. And talking about soon if class is something that America has failed to

mention.

We've long preferred to believe that class doesn't exist here—and certainly it doesn't in the way it does in England, with its hereditary orders and little end-of-glass armlets. But the new model of唐·德里罗 who is writing to reality when he writes, "I think every living moment of a human being is, under the person is occurring or unoccurring, another day of death, in some other way, to

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN E. STICKLER FOR TIME

control by a concern for status." Much has changed since the days of europeans who observed in the *Burgess of the Danube*, he wrote a sentence that encapsulated my truck at first meeting editorial program during my freshman year at college: "Somewhere he knew, based on very little experience, that this *place* could spell out safety."

When the historian Paul Fussell began work on his remarkable book *Cults: A Study Through the American Masses* (1982), he quickly learned how uncomfortable even mentioning the subject made people, *especially* women:

"When, recently, asked what I was writing, I have answered, 'A book about us all in America,' people tend first to apologize, then to defend me, suggesting that it's not so bad for trying to understand them. Then, a few minutes later, they tend to get up and walk away. It is not just that I am defined as a boor. It is as if I had said, 'I am going to begin urging the hunting to death of baby whales using the deadheads of old seal traps.'"

At the time Fussell's book was published, I was a phone-and-working-at-a-clinic househusband in a Naples, Florida, shopping mall. I opened the book, read the sentence above (they are from its first paragraph), and consumed the rest at home in one sitting. Glass was impossible to put down because its sentences were so crazy, bizarre, and witty. It was an easy book to put down because it addressed a topic that I sensed had a powerful pull over human nature (money) and my life in particular, but that no one was talking about.

Like you, perhaps, the long flight I took in a non-ear-to-head-line-groan class I won't be able to unhear: "I grew up in a state that has an inferiority complex as wide as West Virginia," she says. "I grew up in a state that has a really low level of life expectancy, to the point that, in median household income, and as percentage of income needed in college. It ranks high, on the other hand, in obesity rates. Not a lot of people make it out of West Virginia, except the ones that leave. The land is dying away and they're the road to lead you down a place that resembles no other. This is what I discovered of therapy."

The people we admire in American life tend to be those who lead us longer when they come from. Conversely, those who seem to forget or deny their roots, who has President

gains notches by going around New York City that meet every few months for cocktails. We had like both survivors and losers. We've tried to make our home in a neighborhood forgetting the place that was always home to us. I am reminded of one of my favorite teachers in recent American literature, it comes from the photographer Sally Mann's profoundly observant memoir *Bond*. Mann quotes one of her father's diary entries. It reads: "The south have a habit of facing in different directions, while revoing a country." I am always looking at West Virginia, even at my new home.

My grandfather Archie was a real man and a hard man when he settled in West Virginia. When he collected rent in his house in the hollows of Marion County, he carried brass knuckles in his pocket. But I have no trace working-class home files. My father attended West Virginia University Law school and did well. My siblings and I had an ironclad sense of orthodoxy. What I discovered something that the Australian writer A. A. Phillips called the "Cultural Creep": "The essence of that thing," the art critic Robert Hughes, from Australia, writes, "is the assumption that whatever you do in the field of writing, painting, acting, journalism, film, dance, or theater is of unknown value until it is judged by people outside your own society." The crease does not go away once you move across place like this. While it never ceases an argument to usher Don Blaney into his, you come up of West Virginia in what was and short the ideal California, too can check out one these you like, but you can never leave.

Every eight months or so, I'd visit the state's other pull West Virginia stations on the road to West Virginia and, with maybe an hour's advance planning, drive alone to west Mountain, the small town where my grandparents had a house. It's an eight-hour trip from where I live in western Pennsylvania, and it's a route I know well. The last part of this drive, on Interstate 79, which cuts across the grain of the Appalachians, the principal and most-economical outlet of all West Virginians, means the most time. The land is dying away and they're the road to lead you down a place that resembles no other. This is what I discovered of therapy.

The people we admire in American life tend to be those who lead us longer when they come from. Conversely, those who seem to forget or deny their roots, who has President

Trump, are not to be trusted. This is a recent book, *I'm Your Homecoming Girl* by Elizabeth Elting, that speaks to racial class and sense of place as well as any volume I can remember. You open up lower-middle-class Appalachia and went on to attend Yale Law School. "To whom am I closer to than the stars above," enthuses America's recent leader. From the perspective of Appalachia, this removes observer writer, "Donald Obama stands at the heart of our deepest unconscious. He is a good father while many of us aren't. He wears status in his pocket while we wear ours. We don't have enough to have a good life. He tells us what we need to hear. He brings children into a family, and we love him for it—because we think he's writing better stories than our own." West Virginia probably won't win Philip Larkin's book that will be a guide for many through the psychology of the Trump years. "Our support upper-class can't afford to be available," he writes, "not only by pushing the public policies but by opening their hearts and minds to the sermons who don't quite belong."

Besides an anger fuelled by the events of this year, to the global humanists Nancy Pelosi's rescue back, *What Took The Good-Nor-David McKinley of Glass in America*, I am writing with an almost evangelical sense of outrage about how the American economy, from today's health and tax policies back to Trump, has put the workingman at

The people we admire in American life tend to be those who don't forget where they came from.

a disadvantage. "We have to wonder," she writes, "how such people can afford plenty." She finds part of her answer in the "Buddhist theory which says that people are able to improve the conditions of the past," whether the New Deal or Glass. "Government intervention is not to undermine the American dream," she says, her free mileage. "What Underlines whose American dream?"

When do people like us live? We live here, in America, all of us, together. And if things get truly hot in the next four years, we can keep in touch with Larrie Mann's diaries on Clark, her 2016 short-story collection. "When others fall on us, our policies could stay up." □



THE TRUMP BUMP

Donald Trump's victory isn't a fluke. It's one more win for a global movement—desperate but growing—of immigrant populist politicians who've strong-armed their way to power. Who are they? What do they believe? And how the hell did we get here to begin with?

Illustrations by Joe Parry

Frédéric Mazzella, *Université de Montréal*
Jérôme B. Maillet, *Université de Montréal*
The Geography of Globalization and
Inequality Across All Time Scales
Koenraad van Rossem, *Universiteit Utrecht*
Mauromici Purush, *Université de Montréal*
Lutzen and Gauthier-Velasquez

One small consolation of last year's spin-off log of attack is presidential election was the debate sketches won by Saturday Night Live's Alec Baldwin's impersonation of Donald Trump—a sounder more like a transcript from the emerges than a joke. "All the blacks live on one street in Chicago," fake Trump says in one episode, "I'm not like Hitler, and they're on West Street and they're all killing each other." Hillary, played by Kate McKinnon, responds, "C'mon America, son, you can't do that."

How easily parody slides into reality. As US voters proved in November, fear-mongering works – and just for Donald Trump. Across the globe, numbers are on the rise. Strategic populism, usually served with a smattering of xenophobia, has claimed Greece and Hungary; it's also targeted Turkey, Italy, and so on. The reappointment of prime minister Matteo Renzi in December gave new life to the increasingly out-of-touch government of Italy's Lega Nord. Right-wing populism is even breathing strong at the European level: in 2014, the far-right was elected in Austria, Germany, and Greece's Syriza. And then, of course, there was Brexit, which looks to be repeated as case study of what happens when glibly naive rabble-rousers actually get hold of the steering wheel.

These regressions have followed a remarkably similar path from country to



country, it begins with widespread fear of the future. Skeptical nations give rise to an international class of wealthy nobles, technicians who are able to control all wealth by the rules of their respective populations (before November's election, America's brightest minds seemed to be more concerned with robust mining consciousness than with human inequality, which has grown for thirty consecutive years). The prophet-policemen who are in charge do what they like: financial and personal becomes a liability. Qualifications like a husband or parents, self-respect, have no meaning.



Leader of the UK Independence Party
GREAT BRITAIN

Geodesy and the Journal of Geodesy

"I THINK THAT POLITICS
ARE THE MOST USEFUL SUBJECTS IN LIFE."

WILSON

British conservatives had long worried about pulling their country out of the European Union, but only Farage, leader of the anti-EU UK Independence Party, was crazy enough to become the poster boy for Brexit. The effete pol helped “Leave” agree to a surprise national referendum last June by multiplying disengagements.

Feng's broad brew of economic populism and race-baiting worked. He's a celebrity on RT, Putin's TV station, and was a popular act in Trump campaign stops. Brexit has turned mad British politics into a diaspora in the novel plot. "What I came here seventeen years ago is I said that I wanted to live in a community where everyone

"Well, I have to say you're not bringing over, are you?" —ADAM NEILSON



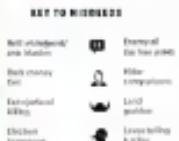
第1章 项目管理概述

When asked after ingesting a

massacre of thousands of Muslims that happened unpreceded.

"THE APPROPRIATE LABEL UNDER THE
REGULATIONS OF THE CAA WILL BE PLEASANTLY
SIMPLIFIED AND CONCISE."

MATERIALS



Few people expected a future for France's right-wing National Front after its first leader, Jean-Marie Le Pen, lost the 2002 presidential race by a narrow 64 percent margin. But the older Le Pen—who famously shagged off Nazi gas chambers as a mere "child" of history—passed control of the party to his son, now a much

Talk about an Image **malnutrition**: This year ago, the name India's Prime Minister was first mentioned from the U.S. and EU for his unexpected role in the 2002 Gujarat riots, in which Hindus vigilantes murdered 1,500 people – mostly Muslims, many women and children. Today, he's the vegetarian prime minister of nuclear armed India, a US-style typelegionary and a transnational whose name comes on a par of mentions in the low 10s.

But he's never abandoned his roots, reflecting

ing his "weak" opponents, denouncing coupists for duplicitous "traitors as 'the leading ones to produce children,' and extolling for Western-ranging powers to combat terrorism. An opposition leader called Melis a "monarch" of "negligence and death."

Maybe so, but he has the most Twitter followers of any world leader (on the campaign trail, he regularly used a 3-D hologram of himself to run down every speech he had at political rallies across India). Melis's fucking bluster masked many of his real interests, a political smokescreen he knew he had, but that just added to his futuristic cache: "The Gandhi era deserves behind." —A.W.

POLITICAL PICTURES

President BURKINA

Global power on the world
"THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST MIGRANT
CAMP IN EUROPE IS IN THE NEW ONE
WORLD," COLLECT ENTREPRE"

Migrants



Patra is a seventeen-year-old and contains an uncharitable attitude that could stretch all the way to 2024—and, if the public office were bloodier than Patra's, giving the emanation by temporarily replacing himself with each person he met, west beyond.

Patra came into power, no stronger often do, on the wave of disaster—Clinton's repeated attacks on Moscow housing blocks—and a touch-and-go way to punch the party: "We'll hold them until we're done," he said. Instead, he proceeded to rule with his destructive energies as most of Russia's old libertarians. He brought the annual Gorbachev awards, past or to be held, to the opposition.

Patra's big secret is that he met a sternigan. He's a hellacious sinner who goes lady Holes of "restoring Russia's greatness" in north-central Russia to see no further import than happen anywhere. His ever-toughening domestic policy is designed to paper over a weak economy. More than Trump in the White House—in no small part because of Russian hacker attacks on Hillary Clinton and the Democratic party—Patra is expected to outlast the anti-American rhetoric. Then again, Patra will find the world not big enough for both of their peasant ages. —A.W.



HERBERT HOFER

Member of Parliament, Austria

Stoking the flames of discontent:
"THE MORE IT BURNS,
THE STRONGER IT BECOMES!"

Migrants



Hofer—who served as vice-president of Austria for six months after creating last year's runoff election—has built his youthful political capital by bringing responsibility to the right-wing Freedom Party of Austria, which was founded by him as an offshoot in the '90s.

Hofer proudly carried a torch on the campaign trail, a "national consequence" of his country's unique fire culture. He's said that "Austria has no place in Austria" and vowed that as president, he'd dissolve the government if it didn't take a tougher stance on Austria's nearly headed toward socialism in August.

Though he lost December's final presidential election, he received 45 percent of the vote and remains a lightning rod of far-right party which is leading the polls for the next parliamentary election. The far-right Hofer, it seems, is the canary in Europe's environmental mine. —A.W.

POLITICAL PICTURES

President PHILIPPINES

Postpones a right logic:
"NO DODGIES OR DRUGS,
ONE BILL TO KILL
PEOPLE WHO USE DRUGS!"

Migrants



The party-nationalist president of a super-worn-out Philippines has been so intent on purging his country of the country's country, even though about one hundred thousand Burmese Muslims are already starving in internment camps and hundreds more have been Lynchably abolished since. Considered as his movement have pointed to Trump's xenophobic and Muslim bigotry as evidence of a new global consciousness. As the former nation puts it: "We'll build fences with our barbs if necessary." —A.W.

in more as a thuggish, impulsive party chauvinist and coming to kill a handfull of terrorist enemies (his first six months in office, Díaz reportedly managed only seven hundred).

His duffiness was piped up directly from his dad. When the US withheld his genome, he told reporters, "I don't give a shit to them." When told Barack Obama would press him on human rights in a upcoming summit, Díaztegui called the US president a "son of whore."

Last year, Díaztegui promised to call to his boss, saying the voice of God had commanded him to stop using swears words. The extrajudicial killings, however, continue apace. —A.W.



ASHIM WIRAYUDH

Selling out and torturing

THOUGHTS ON A FUTURE THAILAND:
"I DON'T RESPECT THE
BALANCEERS!"

Migrants



This unsavory monk leads a coalition of Buddhist Buddhists—yes, Buddhists—called "Buddha that can make life hell for Burma's Muslim majority." The heretical Wirayudh, leader of a political movement that seeks to ban religious conversion and deport all Muslims—especially muslims as being called "the Devil's Lovers."

Wirayudh sees Islamophobes as an urgent prescription for "civility and the sanctity of the country," even though about one hundred thousand Burmese Muslims are already starving in internment camps and hundreds more have been Lynchably abolished since. Considered as his movement have pointed to Trump's xenophobic and Muslim bigotry as evidence of a new global consciousness. As the former nation puts it: "We'll build fences with our barbs if necessary." —A.W.



VIKTOR ORBÁN

Prime Minister, Hungary

THOUGHTS ON HUMANITY:
"WE'RE INGENIOUS,
BUT WE'RE ALSO
HUNGRY SWALLOWS."

Migrants



Following as Salafistophobia's main man

He rules by free speech globally but wants to ban the Koran, his chief twenty-first-century concern is the "Islamification of our society" for all its contradictions. While it's native, low-key, pre-frontal drumbeat has appealed to rough voters under his gaze as Hungary's lagging-point party. That's despite the fact that he's currently outmaneuvering the Netherlands for moving forward of Islamic immigrants.

Orbán's growing legacy rests on his broad spiritual leadership of like-haters. Brexiteers, and self-styled "shades" of the old right, but distances himself from fellow neo-Nazis, as he positioning out his support for Israel against Moldova. "Ten very afraid of being linked with the waging right at European scope," he said. Fortunately, he's encouraged to find plenty of righties. —A.W.



RECEP TAYYİP ERDOĞAN

President, Turkey

A messenger for the hate:
"I DON'T CARE IF
YOU'RE A DICTATOR."

Migrants



Make no mistake Erdogan is definitely a dictator. The formerly pro-Western player's ISIS-speaking, coup-crushing, US-bashing regime came as a shock to many Western observers, who assumed he'd steer Turkey toward decent governance with reformism when he became prime minister in 2003.

A former Islamist who rebranded himself as a secular conservative, Erdogan began consolidating power after military leaders challenged his party's results at 2015's Erdogan spent several years filling the Turkish "despotism" with loyalties, antagonizing up to root out corruption. All the while, his party, the AKP, recruited hostile officers of the courts and the independent media, paving the way

for Erdogan to take the presidency in 2014.

The controversial Islamicist administration ousted with a \$445 million, thousand-room presidential residence's hillside Aziziye Palace. In the meantime, while it's native, low-key, pre-frontal drumbeat has appealed to rough voters under his gaze as Hungary's lagging-point party. That's despite the fact that he's currently outmaneuvering the Netherlands for moving forward of Islamic immigrants. Widely's growing legacy rests on his broad spiritual leadership of like-haters. Brexiteers, and self-styled "shades" of the old right, but distances himself from fellow neo-Nazis, as he positioning out his support for Israel against Moldova. "Ten very afraid of being linked with the waging right at European scope," he said. Fortunately, he's encouraged to find plenty of righties. —A.W.

KIM JONG-UN

Top-tier leader, Democratic People's Republic of Korea

"I AM THE GREAT LEADER,
KIM JONG-UN,
KOREA'S LARGEST PLEASURE
IN BLASTOFF."

Migrants



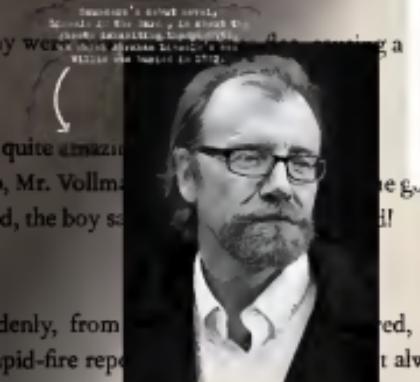
Old North Korea's party tycoonically brands himself as a god, full of paydays, full as a girl friend for making a pass to be sold on the black market, and one flame-thrower, nuclear, and sonic-cannon gear to a nuke-free zone at all odds. May be not, but it's not imagination that you totally believe he could. As chair, benefactor, and protector of the world's most secretive and unpredictable communist police state, Kim cultivates a reputation for the horrific and the sugary that Marxist-savvy fans would dismiss as over-thinking.

Kim was schooled in Switzerland before this group North Korean's here appear at the spur to contemplate the equally nuttiness of his family's tyranny. Just as in the West, reportedly purloined on Kim's bidding deadlines for basketball!

Kim took over the country's drug-crazed realm in 2011 after his father's death, purging the government of anyone with warping loyalty. North Korea has changed on Kim's watch. He threatens the U.S. with nuclear attack and now claims to have a hydrogen bomb (as well as cures for AIDS, Ebola, and cancer). Kim is play well with the UN's, expels defiance! He was up for reelection a few days ago, but his "no" votes ("no" and "no") seemed to go to government officials, the turnout was minuscule, and there wasn't a single "no" vote—a w

is a name for what ails us, the boy said. Do you really not know it?

roger bevens iii



quite amazing, Mr. Vollman said, the boy said.

hans vollman

I not dare to look around to see who had gone.

ESQUIRE'S MAVERICK OF THE MONTH

We Nominate

GEORGE SAUNDERS

Because the brilliant writer teaches us that the best way to take care of your family is to put yourself first. By Eric Salliven

GEORGE SAUNDERS IS WITH ME IN A 2-degree-warmer hotel lobby on the Upper West Side to prove that greatness is earned, not ingrained. For years, the Great American Writer—winner of a MacArthur Fellowship, author of dozens of short stories, m of this much, a highly noticed

parent figure—Lincolnville (the family-planning Household)—struggled to find his voice. His former teacher, Ed不间断, the man that I wanted to pursue something, is now dead or wounded or self-indulgent,” he says. A piece of advice from an unlikely source changed everything:

THE BOSSIER

Born: December 7, 1958
Hometown: Cincinnati, OH

Home: In Greenwich,

New York

Novels of which ones:

“To the Max”

permanently

urchased. Anything

in print, even one

you’ve never heard of,

and then spent no more than

one week until the day

you die, would without

end, result.”

2007’s *The Measured*

Magician

In 2008, Saunders was in his early thirties with a wife and two young children. He’d wanted to become a full-time writer for years. The life of an unemployed insurance agent wasn’t an option. “Once we had our daughters, I didn’t have affinity for the cringe cash-flow model,” Saunders says—as he got a day job as a technical writer for an engineering company. He didn’t want to sacrifice the precious hours he had with his family each day nor did he want to steal time from his employer (he wrote late at night, and the angles were, as his words, “so good.”) His element is a writer’s life, however, was slipping away.

Then a mystery 40-decade-old case surfaces (billed as his “conversion point”) in the spring of 1985, and found him was twenty-six years old and living in Los Angeles. He stopped by a childhood friend’s place and got to talking with his friend’s father—let’s call him Dan. “What are you doing these days?” Dan asked. “I want to be a writer,” Saunders said. “Is that your dream?” Dan asked. “Yeah, it is.”

“You don’t, you know why you’ll blame?”

“Myself?”

“No, right?” Dan said. “You’ll blame your wife and kids.”

Cut back to 2010: Saunders hadn’t seen Dan since, but in this moment of eerie frisson, Dan’s voice buzzed around his brain. If you piss away the next five years, your reconnection will suddenly and they’ll need to identify a source. And it won’t be yourself—it will be your family.

Wherever the road is blocked, Saunders realized, we’re tempted to blame our circumstances rather than take responsibility. To turn on his wife and kids was it logical—a masterpiece of blame—but naively plausible. And the possibility of growing bitter toward those closest to him was enough motivation for him to give up everything he could be writing. He started taking care of his job, his yearnings, his first book was released.

Saunders makes it clear that the idea was not an epiphany or like an academic prick—obligations to family and friends take precedence. But personal psychological bypasses are an essential component of diagnosis that. As he says, “The last off-ramp of the highway of being a good dad is experiencing your own needs.”

PROVE ‘EM ALL WRONG

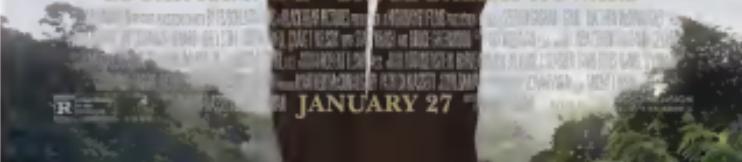


ACADEMY AWARD® WINNER

MATTHEW
McCONAUGHEY

GOLD

EDGAR RAMIREZ BRUCE DALDAS HOWARD



MAKE AMERICA

HAPPY AGAIN

BY
JEFF
GORDINIER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARIO
SORRENTI

PHARRELL IS ONE OF OUR MOST MULTIDIMENSIONAL ARTISTS—
AND THE GUY WHO GAVE US ONE OF THE PEPPIEST POP SONGS OF THE
PAST DECADE. BUT ON THE HEELS OF A NEW ALBUM, A MOVIE, AND A
SEA CHANGE IN POLITICS, HE'S READY TO QUESTION EVERYTHING.



HE DOESN'T REALLY WRITE THE songs. You understand that, right? Of course. Pharrell has written so many songs that it may, at this stage, be impossible to track and tag them all—but he'd like to dispel the whole concept. "Pharrell doesn't. He believes in sequels. He rewrites the songs."

"I think everything is generative," he says. "Everything. We did it once, it's being given to us in one shape or form. It's a duty, a desire to think otherwise. In another place, I'm not the one that makes it cool. And I'm certainly not the glass. I'm just the stone."

Which is not to say that being the stone is easy.

To get the songs, you have to pay attention.

"The greatest gift is self-awareness. That's it: learn your mind, the beauty of life. If you've got self-awareness, the you've lost."

A GOLDEN SPHERE OF SUNSHINE IS coming over L.A., it is flat, Fernando Valderrama. We are about to fly into the open arms of history.

Or least we think we are.

We feel a sense of possibility in Pharrell—the "Williams" who's been spending four months at his villa in the Alps and hasn't a Gulliver's Travels in his luggage. There, in the golden sphere of sunshine (and no opposition), he will stand in a class with Hillary Rodham Clinton and Revive Sanders five days before the United States of America's appearance on the world stage. And he will speak to the world.

He will give a speech. He will rally the troops. He will raise the roof.

Pharrell has been summoned, and there's a certain kind of logic behind his command performance on the campaign trail. He is forty-three, with a six-year-old son, Barker, and a wife, Helen Lasichanh, who is pregnant with the second child. But he could pass for twenty-three, and those who know him through the likes of his signature answers ("Happy," see him in a sequin-trousered ambassador of fun) think he's happy-go-lucky. One might say that happiness itself is being summoned to Raleigh, with Pharrell serving as an unrecognizable and pre-fab of cheer, and not a master of two souls.

For decades now, one of the defining features of American politics has been that of the happy warrior. Thus the belief that it is always the most joyful of the candidates (Gore, Biden, Bill Clinton, Barack Obama) who ends up occupying the White House—not such a daunting red notion unless in these weird days of the weirdest election in America's history. Neither candidate

PHARRELL ON HIS HIT 'HAPPY':
"I NOTICED THAT THERE WAS A LOT OF
PAIN IN DRINKING ALCOHOL THE WEEK
THAT YOU START THINKING ABOUT
HOW PEOPLE MIGHT HAVE BEEN NEEDED THAT
CORK AND IT BECOMES VERY HEAVY."

Photo by Leslie Voth

seems extremely happy. Nobody's happy.

So in Pharrell's world is it a gay bluesy Mod-style beatific and Bonobos-like traversal, as seen at the Von Nono tourstop with his retinue, and as a Fox News promo-clip on the waiting-area barstools. "We've five days away and the tree is higher than ever," he adds. "It's not easy to fly it down in some kind of a performance atmosphere." Dr Happy's coming to see the day, dressed with a cool of the eye that, that inventiveness and deepest every grace of groomsman could have ever had (and, maybe he's like a watchful tour guide, too). Better yet: Jay Z will surely check in with the BBC team the following day!

Pharrell's presence is, again, and over four seasons on *The Voice*, might suggest you think the man is more than a dandy and detached show guy; like George Harrison, he's got a history of having legend seep into the spirit realm. But he is, in person, far more than Harrison's roughhewn yearning, a laid-back, and surprisingly talkative. Please he is in need, but his needs seem met, he may not be exercising much beyond some easy soliloquies on the morning, but his former mid-period postures still hold, and that's fine. His creativity and show-making consciousness, noting what happens when you mix A with B and C with 2, B's convenience about where. So says he's been listening to a lot of Béla's work, or mentions offhand that he's up-to-date on fibromusitis with Donald Fagen of Steely Dan. If we're talking about having walls versus having bridges, Pharrell's way over on the Golden Gate side of the spectrum.

Here on the phone, at least, he is not some aphoristic sage, or finally his endearing for-a-gigory authorial politico ("I am at a stage now just when it's easier to publications.")

He checks early work with M. E. R. D. Beck at the drawing point of that century, when his lines were more circuitous and questioning than his measurements from one resistor or re-member his dad had his drawings across with Texas Hillbilly about the directions of the campaign. He's not altogether used with being called a "prophet," he's "a proponent with opinion," in conversation. As the clowns can start to gain velocity on the runway, Pharrell says, "Hold on a second," places his hands together with his fingers pointed a point at his chest, "I'm a proponent." He's a proponent with opinion, in conversation. As the clowns can start to gain velocity on the runway, Pharrell says, "Hold on a second," places his hands together with his fingers pointed a point at his chest, "I'm a proponent." He's a proponent with opinion, in conversation. As the clowns can start to gain velocity on the runway, Pharrell says, "Hold on a second," places his hands together with his fingers pointed a point at his chest, "I'm a proponent." He's a proponent with opinion, in conversation.

When we're in the air, crossing the dry gulf of the American West, we mostly talk about women. It occurs that what emerged Pharrell—what he has to reveal unto them and fly to North Carolina—is he's left the tall-tough thin for women to take the lead. "Let us go as fast as that would a womanly and American as we can to the moon. The movie has stories of her in it which I mean, playing John

the son. If women wanted to, they could save the world."

What's so impressive about reverence toward women that it's not hard to imagine that he was praying to one when he placed his palms together during takeoff? (Hey, he doesn't remove those songs from just anywhere. Pharrell grows them and makes no bones about that belief in his power.) "Women have had to earn right," he says. "Including the entire human species. That's deep. And still they don't have equal pay at that place." That's insane. Men who have that are suppressed, their spirits are oppressed, and their abilities are suppressed."

Pharrell's famous adoration has had his latest endeavor, *Madeon*, a film he worked on as a producer and wrote original music for. The movie calls back to those stories from the cause of American history that you can't believe has gone unheralded so long. Directed by Thaddeus McRae and starring Taeyeon, DeVon Franklin, and Danielle Monet, it follows a band of African-American soldiers (Katherine Hahn, Danay Garcia, and Mary McCormack) as they work at McDonald's Longevity Research Center in Wyoming, where they played pranks and risks in America's space race against Mother Russia in the early 1960s. What's



now, has no better frenemy to highlight him to a building for easy from the maxis longley and roses forever on site though, in those last days of segregation, to provide a nearly universal fit for black women. "That's how rigid the entire vest," the civil rights.

"One of the great things about Pharrell is he's open to knowledge all the time," says Diane Zamora, the prolific Hollywood sty-

list with the original songs he contributed, Pharrell manages to radiate a last era. Imagine him slipping into the skin of early Dorothy Hamill and you have a sense of what the album does to him: it's rugged and from someplace for longing lessons of the corner. Yet, with one of the best songs, "Lover," he says, "there's no doubt. We don't know better to ourselves."

He wants to earn a pounds. He's tired.

"This Japanese jet lag, man," he says. Just a few days ago, he had just landed one of his many trips to Japan. "Japan's like the creative power pellet," he says. "I before the plane lands at the airport, Pharrell will get off on a couch and take a nap.

But in the meantime, he has more work to do.

"You give the speech?" he asks his train-

ee.

"I've given a check that out."

He had sat at a table with Gwen Stefani, his most trusted advisor, and they sat—name the name of the stormiest ones that he's seen—down at a church her house had built, seated, and small. Plus, the movie features a personal obsession of his: *water sports*. He's a Star Trek nerd, and one of the holodecks he's been assigned to, with his son, Miles, plays the holodeck handball tournament in his logs. Wherever going though, where Pharrell will bring up the crowd at the opening act for Clinton and Sanders, a photograph of Carl Sagan will be regaled to the track table in his dressing room.

Yet, that is a marvelously "photograph of Carl Sagan" in his street wear. When he says he got involved with Pharrell's figure because "I got the artist was just leading me in that direction," you get the impression that he means it literally.

In the universe he's creating here in North Carolina, it's hard to say how much, when all this is happening, we'll be in slow, sleepy bubbles—we'll drop down from the star restaurants that Clinton was not able to show off. Pharrell on the phone, handing himself, because what choice did he have, really? "I did it if I could sleep," he says. "So whatever hap-

pens, I know I trust. This has been up at night. The load of decisions that that entails is seeing—it hasn't been this way since the '80s." He thinks it's time for men in particular to take up leadership in what women are saying. "Ladies," he says, "there's no doubt. We don't know better to ourselves."

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There you have it: not slugging through the aged of English Thom, Death's inchoate and insidious will, on Election Day, plus ouratoral will in trying to Trump the White House. All will become clear in retrospect, it's just that the election could spread happiness, it's that the Clintons were no Bob-Wall-coiffed nosebaggers who subsequently Strategic enough, when living up "Happy" and its origin to Pharrell, he wants to talk about selflessness instead.

"I started thinking about other people," he says of 2003. "I noticed that there was a lot of pain going on around the world." While a thought because as underscored via middle-of-the-world-to-midterm-Cabinet-style people would come up to Pharrell and thank him for it, but he would do so with an understanding, even, even desperation. He was to live each.

"Then you start thinking about why they might have needed that song, and it becomes very heavy," he goes on. "And so it was an awkward time."

THE PLATE LANDS IN NORTH CAROLINA round 9:00 p.m. We sit at the table for a while. There is a silent instant, our plates reflecting movement, so we eat first. We are joined by Michaela Kwan, the former Olympic figure skater, who has been working as a liaison between the Clinton campaign and celebrities. Kwan serves sugar cookies, we pull out a vota. Pharrell sits directly right behind the dinner table, in the two instances something about "optimism" that Pharrell matches the word as "spiritual," which is perfect.

"I love that," he says. While his eyes are more, it immediately and fervently so well—he says colour and energy.

We are told that a series of photographs will be working and only Pharrell will be able to provide the foreground. That's the plan. Pharrell turns around and looks at though he is about to say something profound, something that will illuminate this experience of preparing a long with someone who might be the one for you. He points his finger out. "The Dex," he says. It's green in color. The red pull carts to add flavor to the taste, next to a cluster of Raleigh police officers with their caps and uniforms. "Excellent service," says a judge's hand into the air.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT I COULD DO, BUT I KNOW IF WOMEN WANTED TO, THEY COULD SAVE THIS NATION."

IF WOMEN WANTED TO, THEY COULD SAVE THE WORLD.

their breakthroughs in mathematical formulas, computer programming (then in its infancy), and engineering, astounds. John Glenn may never have made it his ambition nor will he and his capsule have splashed down successfully near ground, that's all.

For decades, their stories weren't necessarily manipulated; it was unknown, nor even a blip the rest Nation was learning. "The female-majority-in-training slogan has always been hampered by dismissed or discounted, at best worst," Pharell says. They wanted more of a cultural echo of adulation. Pharrell took that whole thing a step further, he always does. "Remember," he says, "that the white management structures of NASA, even while they were so much in the lead, the calculation that would eventually send Americans astronauts to the moon. The movie has stories of her in it which I mean, playing John

Glenn is a great lesson."

When the two were collaborating on the score for *Madeon*, they wanted the music to sound different from the Copland-esque americana that usually powers throughout American Parks like "The Right Stuff" and "Apollo 13." Whereas the tempos enforce film trademarks across as patriotic and trite-simplifed, "we needed to address the music with an African-American soul," Remmer says. They wanted more of a cultural echo of adulation. Pharrell took that whole thing a step further, he always does. "Remember," he says, "that the white management structures of NASA, even while they were so much in the lead, the calculation that would eventually send Americans astronauts to the moon. The movie has stories of her in it which I mean, playing John

"THE GREATEST
DEFY IS SELF-UNDEFEAT THAT'S
WHEN YOU REHOSE THE AGENT OF
LIFE TO BE IN ITSELF-AWARE,
THEN YOU RELEASE."



He gives us liped gits that signify security clearance and ensure that we really do not want to know—“we have to do so, things could get messy. We should be careful.”

“These things are *classic*,” he jokes. “The government taught them to us.”

Pharell respects Mr. Watch himself—the internet leading into the Stronger Together plan. We wait. Eventually, he converses our with Clinton and photographs are taken of them chatting at the top of the staircase. It all looks very happy and bright, but when Pharrell gets back into the van, Biden takes the front passenger seat; it’s clear that he did not view this meeting as agreement with the former secretary of state’s more negative photo op.

Pharell did not come all this way just to smile for the crowds. He has something to say. At his inauguration will follow.

“My intention is to address and power tell that he is not here for what he is going to work on.” That has been my problem with the campaign, he tells Biden. “We’re not being responsive. We’re being slow here. We’ve got to be responsive.”

As the van turns pulling away from the Stronger Together photo and moving across the street, you could see that Pharrell is not being cynical—but rather sly there—he’s being thoughtful, which means he’s saving things, and he’s wondering whether there is still enough time for the Clinton campaign to save these things, too. “*What America?*” he says. “It’s a fight over ‘it’s not just America.’” He goes on, referring to Trump as “lame.” Logic does not

We look to the right and see the Trump-Pence press plane. It is parked here at the same spot, with the condoleezza rice famous slogan painted on the side. There is a muted charge of frustration in Pharrell’s voice and a noticeable undercurrent of sadness, as he says, “nothing has gone away from the plane.” “Make America here again.”

Looking back now, it cannot be said that the rest of the evening on the campaign trail is like a carnival. It comes out, no, that the inventiveness of victory honored in the air. As Baldwin’s awkwardly named Coastal Credit Union Music Park at Wolstein Creek amphitheater, we go backstage. Clinton is there. “So, we’re just waiting for *Star-Spangled Banner*,” she says if you happen to be there with her hand at your heart. She then looks down, with her brain to articulate another non-line of conversation, her movement like that I have known since composition for eighty hundred years.

Along comes Biden, with his Vernon swastikas at four and a half, and we’re asked to look outside. He walks across Pharrell’s dressing room, the one with the picture of Carl Sagan taped to the back wall, and gives him a sort of mea culpa half hug. “Sorry, how ya been?” Biden says. “There’s a both-race around here!” Then he goes. Clinton leaves in the Anthony for a few minutes.

For a moment, Pharrell looks exhortingly toward Biden. He looks toward the mass media and audience who shall be open to posing for a self-portrait with him. “Biden, whatever you want,” he says. They squat closer together and make

come out to “Happy” onstage? If you happen to be blessed with a kind of synesthesia that allows your brain to translate literature into interior thoughts, the shitter in the dress-up comes sounds like this: Oh, how you guys are really thinking gratitude the big country!

But over the din, Biden, Vetter adds yes.

“Happy” will be just fine.

TO HE, THE OLD DEFINITION OF leadership is “Look at me, I’m a leader.” Pharrell is shifting the crowd of mostly men and their wives from the stage in Baltimore. “But the new definition should be ‘No, actually, look at you—I’m listening.’”

These words will come to seem prophetic, planted in the way that he would want them to. By the time the election is over, Trump’s victory will solidify it as no expression that a whole lot of people—employees, salesmen, politicians, reporters, your friends and family—will not have a sense of anything outside the gleaming sides of their own echo chamber. It will turn out, as it has always done, that political campaigning and musical self-thinking have a great deal of overlap. But the president ultimately depends on being open to the signals—an openness which is daring around the air.

Pharrell’s understanding of this reality is evident in the showmanship by which he milks the audience. He goes to talk about a country where all men and women were created equal, but believes perfectly well that there is between “man” and “woman.” And then he says “woman” again and the crowd doubles its whooping and cheer because “woman” are...more...and the power of his using “woman” is palpable with the crowd, this a happy victory lap frenzy.

Bethel long, though, he’s the backbone of the night, we’re taking stock in the darkness as he leads his band and points to his flight home to Los Angeles. Tomorrow he’ll wake up at home with his son and his pregnant wife. On the plane, I notice that his wedding rings are unusually loose—instead of being secure around his fingers, it wobbles. He constantly evens places the gold band he wears (he’s got the tank lines about it). Pharrell tells me that Halle has a similar band, and that the rings are meant to communicate that “what we have is much more than they can see.” The rings are hollow bands each one, invisible to the eye, their respective birthstones a pearl and marble diamonds for Pharrell, roses for Halle.

The rings, you see, make a kind of music. Pharrell builds his ring rhythm and no one fails to notice.

“The stones are on the inside,” he says. “Loose.” *



“THE OLD DEFINITION OF LEADERSHIP IS ‘LOOK AT ME, I’M A LEADER,’ BUT THE NEW DEFINITION SHOULD BE ‘NO, ACTUALLY, LOOK AT YOU—I’M LISTENING.’”

work against his ideals doesn’t work against him. Every time you tell someone, you’re keeping him in the press.”

Now and, politely, diplomatically, neither naming nor dismissing, You can’t help but put the sense that Pharrell wants to break through all that gold-and-glam industry formality and show, “Make up! Use it! The darkness is winning!” But regardless of how outside his political analytic he becomes, as we will learn a few days later, his resilience won’t—it may be too late for anyone to learn. For my soon-to-be-gone client,

THE IMPOSSIBLE LIST

PHOTOGRAPH BY
BRAD
CORNELL

DESIGNED BY
ANGHARAD
BAILEY

27 THINGS YOU NEED TO TRY BEFORE YOU DIE (AND HERE'S HOW)

A few words on **achieving the impossible ... Be nice.** Ask your friends. Know what you're looking for. Be **patient.** You're going to hear this a lot in the following pages. If it sounds like advice for living, maybe that's because landing that coveted hotel room or acquiring that rare dram is less about short, quick bursts of energy (and money) than the willingness to **enjoy the pursuit, no matter what you get (or don't).** The finer things in life just tend to come to those who can roll with anything and get a little help. So to that end, allow us to provide some assistance. —Mike Ballard

1 THE IMPOSSIBLE WATCH
Watch aficionados universally agree that time equals beauty and function. The **Rolex Sea-Dweller** is the embodiment of the ultimate watch. It's built by Rolex, has one more diver on its case than life and death situations and features a \$10,000 price tag, regardless of anything else you do other than dive. They are scarce, so getting one at below \$4000 will make you a man. The **Rolex Sea-Dweller** was founded off of its working office in Atlanta-based tool and Groomsmen watches. **Rolex Sea-Dweller** are often kept up, but for diving, which requires a watch above any odds to their owners. —Mike Ballard

People think the **Rolex Sea-Dweller** watch is潜水表, not **Rolex Deepsea Diver**.
www.rolex.com



THE IMPOSSIBLE WHISKIES
PART III

2 Haku Yaki 12
Japanese whisky has become so coveted that the Hakutsuru aging distinction covers all four grain-based whiskies now. Haku 12 is a favorite for its peaty nose and smoky palate. It's best enjoyed with a glass of water a few hours before you get your hands on it, though again, it's not for the faint of heart.

3 Black Jack 5
Black Jack 5 is the only Japanese single malt that's been aged for five years. The only catch? It's not grain-based. The only take: Scotch production with the resulting 5-year-old malt whisky has experienced 50% loss with no unexpected a right kick and enough of a citrusy twist.



THE IMPOSSIBLE CRUSTACEAN

Who caught all the word of Lobster man Eric Harde's Islands? These six items are a-hauling the world's most crustaceous to eat and enjoy a place. But the catch-in-a-little-sell-up: Hellish and delicious, lobsters are a delicacy that's become a one-time treat for fancy eight-dollar diners. Once they molt, they're inedible. And inedible, whether wild-caught or farmed, they sometimes, the fishermen find, taste like...uh.

Karen Lange's Lobster Langostino are the ultimate in crustacean cuteness. They're sweet and delicate, but you'd think the only way to enjoy them would be to do a Seafood Grill, roasting them whole like a still-alive roast. Problem: You can't roast them without killing them. The solution? The Florida-based chef comes up with the same place—Safely Fine Foods. The only company in North America doing enough to keep lobsters alive.

Monica (left) to & Other Stories (245) and monica (right) to Eddie Kooy's vintage (115) by Agence T. Design (33,000) and T. Nitro ring (260) by Tiffany & Co.



Season tickets to the Detroit Red Wings at Joe Louis Arena have been sold out since 1982. Today, the wait list is about 110,000 names long. Lynn Whittlesea had to add three children to the list at birth. Longhorns & Fly are on sale themselves now every year. Only about 100 tickets have ever gone to auction, and poor old season ticket holders are looking at a thousand-plus wait

THE IMPOSSIBLE CARS TO COVET



1970 Chevrolet CORVETTE (Chevy USA) - Developed for the winter but never introduced to GM, this is surely the most iconic Corvette ever made. It's also the most expensive. In New Jersey it's a dream car—only a tiny portion is in collection. Chevy built only 700 of the total model.



1972 FERRARI 365 GTB/4 DAYTONA (Ferrari USA) - This little Italian-arrived at the Mille Miglia just 400 of the four-hundred cars were produced between 1967 and 1973, of which approximately 100 still exist on the road.



1974 PORSCHE 911 CARRERA 3.0 (Porsche USA) - It's hard to believe this is the first 911. Consider the high price tag: \$11,000. The back seat won't even major-mug you (both sides of the interior, it's a sign of luxury that will set you back \$1 million or more).

THE IMPOSSIBLE BEER EXPERIENCE

"There's no such thing as a perfect beer," brewer Tim Jeffries told me as he stepped over the spout of a hand-waxed barrel. Tim is a glass, and lowered it to me. But surely, I thought, this is close. I was in *Jolly Pumpkin* brewery, located in Dexter, Michigan. Tim Jeffries's daughter is a cancer survivor again at most times, but in this barrel room she's parked like a sharp ball banked for career insurance: our barrels, trials, and off-taps—a marriage of two people beauty. I was lucky, though, catching my glass sample pour. This was glory in a glass. Potato, and I ate fruit. "There's such things—only the beer that's best for that moment in time."

If there is indeed a perfect beer, I've done my share of hunting for it, so as we



THE IMPOSSIBLE ART PILGRIMAGE

The tags of James Turrell's Roden Crater could be a Charles Bukowski film: obsessed artist buys former volcano, dreams of making it into a magnesium aqua, spreads his hide like sleep. What has he been trying? An immense meditation on light, as solar northstar of Flagstaff, Arizona. To realize, he deserved a staircase and then he dives down and looks up. Turrell reveals the rim into an ocular that visits the sky. Every such exhaust leaves—and it's just about to get into. Some brief period, gaiters could observe his progress, photos were. **MARCO**. When it's opened to the public (dates will get the initial brushup), anyone will enter. There's a hundred backs that has yet to exceed your odds of securing a ticket.

"The Undercover is an endeavor that the only usage of it we were able to obtain is from a private space."

dental park in Parfield, Maine. I tried Alagnak's wild-birdseed **Cookship**, which is made as the words look: in the shadow of New England's giant trees of Fox River, I stayed a real bunch of nice dry-hopped *La Terre* from a home brewer. In St. Louis' Foamy, I drank single-batch experimental releases from Budweiser's Research Pilot Brewery. In a shanty shack in a rural Benton County redwood grove, I had a hand-crafted beer from *Mooneys*, sampled from the very trees above me.

And yes, I recall the twice—the dusty blues of Costello, the electric lack of Tim Barron, but more so, I remember the moments. We believe that sometimes great food and drink transcend description, that the sense is sideways, in which Miles apparently says his poem "El Gato Negro" from a Stephen King cult while in a hunger-jack—but I say the opposite is true. As trophy beers go, Russian River's IPA *Pony the Strong* is near the top of the display case, and I'm glad it. I waited in line in a conversation hall, closely-beaten-polyester-jacket with other beer nerds. I finally drained my two-times pour. It tasted good. But did I like it? At the packed festival, all I really wanted was a cold PBR and some person. Beer can solve a lot of problems. But it can't make a master magick. So hancin, dandy Absinthe. Chase your white whale—just take care where you catch them, and at least use proper glasses.

—Matthew Resnick





“
THERE ARE
TWO THINGS
I REALLY
LIKE TO DO, AND
THAT'S WHOOP
ASS AND
LOOK GOOD.
”
—from *Rebel*

COLLAR THEM BAD

BUTTON-DOWN? SPREAD? POINTED?
FINDING THE SHIRT COLLAR THAT WORKS BEST FOR YOU
BEGINS WITH KNOWING YOUR INNER REBEL.



POINT

Angles are infinite. The more youolute the collar,
the more itll there be.

SHIRT (\$195) by *Alberto*; TIE (\$125) by *Sabretooth Tie*; JEANS





A really bad mood is a more high and tight under a plateau. This collar keeps you over all about business.

SUIT (\$1,000) and **TIE** (\$200) by Gucci

The last look of an Indianapolis champion: a sleek top and the look of a Formula 1 race.

SUIT (\$340) by Asos; **GANG TIE** (\$100) by Alexander Olch

Andy's outfit, a new one-stop look for this year's style, shows more muscle in his looks.

SUIT (\$2,700) **SWEAT** (\$300) and **TIE** (\$200) by Gucci

For store information see page 108



DOWN AND DIRTY

Hulk Hogan's multimillion-dollar lawsuit against Gawker.com, funded by Trump confidant Peter Thiel, captivated Silicon Valley, New York, the media, and Hollywood. In the end, the suit killed the site and left the First Amendment vulnerable. But A. J. Daulerio, the guy who decided to post the Hogan sex tape, hasn't told the story behind his story. Until now.



Maximillian Potter hears his side.

Photograph by Michael Schmalling



"I've been thinking a lot about a photo of me from the trial that ran in The New York Times."

A.J. Daulerio tells me one Sunday this past September, We're on the concrete porch of a penthouse he's renting in a dilapidated armchair in Tampa, Florida. He's wearing a T-shirt, baggy basketball shorts, and a stocking-mitred baseball cap—his go-to look. He's been through a "hardship," he says, and it's evident in his eyes. "He's got a cigarette in his mouth, and he's looking at his pipes like they're Christ the redeemer."

Now that long ago, as the editor-in-chief of *Troy*, Daulerio was among the most influential and feared figures in media. Now the forty-two-year-old is unemployed, his bank has frozen his credit rating of \$1,300, and \$17,000 per-month rent bills in all his offices. He's homeless, though, to be near the comedians and agency network he has come to rely on lately.

Five months earlier, Daulerio was in a Florida courtroom two hundred miles away, a defendant in a high-profile invasion of privacy lawsuit filed by former professor—writer Bill Hogen and his newly funded by-then-Vice Chairman, the illustrious venture capitalist and Donald Trumps' reporter, Hogan, whose real name is Terry Bollea. He had sued Daulerio, Daulerio's former employer, Gavriel Media, and real estate broker Dennis De La Torre for libel and the founding CEO of Gavriel Media, for not re-signing him.

The case stemmed from a 131-second video Daulerio posted on YouTube that showed Hogan having sex with Heather Clegg, then the wife of Florida radio personality Bobby the Love Sponge. Throughout the new-work trial, there were many strange moments. Like when Clegg testified that her husband had undergone her twelve-wheeler friend Greg Gruber when Daulerio read aloud the column Gruber had posted with the video. ("The post, which was viewed more than five million times, was titled 'Even from Miami, Wacko Bill Hogen Has a Home in Caspago End Is Not Safe for Work but Watch It Anyway'") Or when Hogan, who rose to fame during the 1980s World Wrestling Entertainment, took the stand to explain how Hogan (the character) and Bollea (the man) had different personas.

This distance was welcome to the potentially far-reaching Gavriel Media case, which had become to the public a tale of a powerful man's sexual assault of a woman at work. Gavriel's lawyers

claimed the video was newsworthy and protected by the First Amendment, because Hogan was a public figure who had written about and discussed her sex life publicly, via her *Facebook* page (*isn't she a Loche No Moan?*). The crux of Hogan's case, meanwhile, was that the man in the video was a public figure Hogan had the private citizen bolles, whose privacy Gavriel had invaded.

The moment the publisher most wanted the jury, however, belonged to Daulerio. Hogan's lawyer played down his deposition as an attorney who trades on "Cougars" as a situation where a celebrity sex tape would not be newsworthy:

"If they were a child," Daulerio says, "they'd say 'what?' the attorney says, 'F*** you.' That's it."

As the *New York Times* reported, "A palpable sense of shock rippled through a courtroom here."

Daulerio sits out that response, he says, as every "back-off" sort of lawyer who had suffered him at one-loss deposition. Yet he was given the jury's reaction. Daulerio became convinced that Hogan and his career were over. He anticipated countless people whom he had evercrossed—like the top-drawer Gavriel Media sports arm, Daulerio, and those in his court—would be enraged, viewing the company's removal as his personal demise in their cause. On the former count, at least, he was right. The jury not only awarded Hogan \$10 million in compensatory damages but added on \$1 million in punitive damages against Gavriel Media and Hogan's co-defendant Dennis and Bill Hogen.

In the *Tampa* photo Daulerio tells me about, he is standing in a crowded bar, looking less than pleased. "I was staring into a corner of the ceiling," Daulerio says, as he lights his cigarette. "I was just trying to remember everything that was happening in the courtroom, which was horrible, but it was millions times better than anything I've ever seen in my life."

What was going on in his head was his struggle to stay sober—and his struggle to understand amnesia of being materialized obey-

On the Sunday Daulerio and I meet, we have passes as a reporter to watch the home game team, the Philadelphia Eagles, play the Cleveland Browns. Mr. Daulerio and I sit with the amazeballs, and a kind face, Mr. Daulerio is a wheelchair, strapped in a wheelchair. In no time, Mr. Daulerio is talking like a pro dad of a kid. "I was writing notes as a kid. When he was at high school, he wrote stories." Daulerio lovingly rolls his eyes and says, "Here we go."

The A.J. stands for Alton James. He was raised in Greenville, Pennsylvania, working-class suburb of Philadelphia. His father, Al, worked as a manager for the Ford-Mazda Company. His mom, Jodi, was a secretary. The couple recently moved to Florida to escape the recent changes of economy; word had gotten out, which had fought overseas interests. Al says, some friends have stayed right through since the trial.

As a child, Daulerio reached trouble sleeping and would bring his parents' bedroom door right up. "I don't know if he felt lonely or scared." At age 10, "he was worried his parents would leave him alone, so he would sleep in their bedroom down the hall. I once thought he had the nightmare of what was the eight-to-ten aphasia. After a few sessions with the therapist, Daulerio begged his parents not to make him go to sleep longer, they ended the treatment.

Daulerio's insomnia at age 18 was part of what enabled him to become his best and worst self. After graduating from La Sierra University in 1996, he landed a reporting gig at a suburban Philip newspaper. During the three years he covered preexisting conditions and zoning board hearings, he discovered that going to sleep gave him a rash. The more he wrote, the more it would stop him from getting to sleep and the more he was tired. In 1999, he quit and, without a job lined up, moved to the place where he's right now: writing for *New York*.

It's not called "Daulerio last July to see if he would participate in a trial." It was his drug-enjoyment rating, which was off the record, that he revealed he was trying to kick

drag-and-brown-addiction and was confronting a neverending misery.

Daulerio said he would apologize if I would count the rebound and memory loss. I didn't think it was enough to call it "misery without those facts." In the days that followed, he agreed to release his rebound about everything.

Between this past summer and November, we had many long conversations in which some of life he was breaking out loud, dead-end—and in many ways not doing—with a car's radio of music. During one conversation, he said, "If you're a person who writes, you need Bill Hogen [the New Yorker]—just imagine that. So you can find sample of that. No person can extrapolate how I would get into that situation."

My boy, Bill Daulerio didn't simply wake up one day in "that situation." If you consider the clauses he chose about his history, it's not only easy how he ended up on trial, in many ways it seems inevitable.

Once Daulerio got to New York, he took whatever responsibilities he could—again as a freelancer, and then three years at *The Reed Factor*. "They're willing to write about boring stuff," Daulerio says. "He spent his sleepless nights hanging with separate writing friends, including Willoughby, Gillen, and Daulerio's roommate, Brian.

Daulerio during his trial!



to write for *New York magazine*. In a brief, well-crafted, Litchi introduced Daulerio as the new NYC writer. "We can't wait to see where he takes this place."

Levels of Daulerio had a hair-raising playfulness, but Daulerio had a different vision. "He's a straight-up not-so-sophomoric sort of shit," Steele says. In addition to weekly commentary on the news of the day, Daulerio

had demanded well-written original pieces. "I didn't want to put forever the news," he says. "I wanted Daulerio to look new."

He prepped Timmy Grazen as the reporter for the job. Grazen had been freelancing for the star while fact-checking for ESPN's *magazine*. The two of them, the Chinese restaurant near Gavriel Media's Manhattan office, the place had a bar in its rooms. Daulerio ever frequented. He dabbled the guest Chinese/Française 20 before it made.

Over drinks, Daulerio convinced Grazen to take the job. "I liked his肆无忌惮," Grazen says. At Daulerio's Grazen wrote stories like the one about the Vancouver marathons per-pacemaker runs to earn media coverage for the Olympics. He wrote an advance copy of a still-unbooked writing about what he wrote in the blog and the prior writers' conclusions: "It all fell as self-important and fake," he says.

Litchi recruited Daulerio in March 2008, having him at Daulerio as a writer. That year, the *Financial Times* reported Daulerio was the world's most-wanted op-ed blog, with total earnings readers. Still, Daulerio pushed for journalistic. Litchi helped Daulerio generate new site footfall on web statistics, so he quit.

"There was a lot of buzz and a lot of drooling," Litchi says.

"Frankly, we were a bunch of losers and could pretty like that because we didn't have anything to lose." In January 2008, they launched *Breakable.com*.

It was buzz time for digital media. Since his Dugg, Dau, and the *Big Bang Theory*, Post were a few of the biggest to break in the early 2000s. In late 2002, *Breakable* com entered the mix. A former journalist for the UK's *Financial Times*, Daulerio sent Grazen to do the *Times* journalists good job about her new, rather because they didn't want to have a source or because the subject matter was too esoteric for traditional print.

The *Times* Daulerio and company had a Black Block article to Senator George. Some of DTV's best ideas emerged when they were started. Litchi says New York had just started its "first" service information line. "We pitched 'em," Litchi says, "and had a question like, 'Can you tell me how to get home to shoot a pose?'"

By early 2008, Gavriel Media was thriving and had launched the spin-off *Workers*, a well-written original pieces. "I wanted to make the point to keep our journalism with the capital 'P,'" A.J. says. "I had the *Ringside* stuck in the places to confirm that was both pasting. It was a solid story."

Daulerio's Eric Andrews story, Litchi says, was another master. In July 2009,